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FRANCES BLAND RANDOLPH CHAPTER
D. A. R. 1909

Historic Petersburg Issue 1949

May

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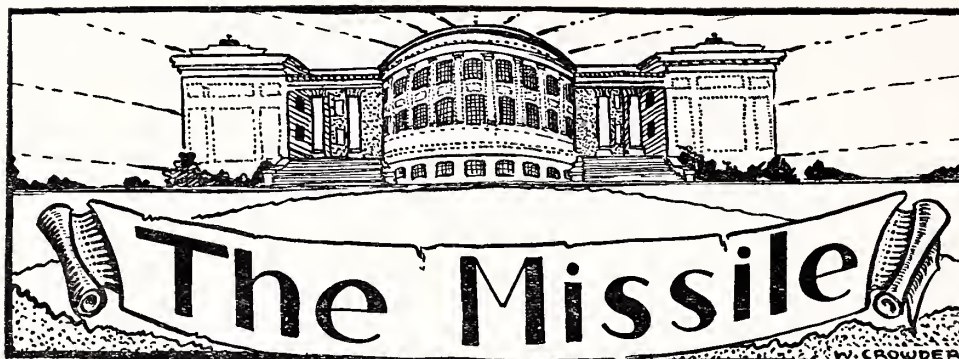
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PETERSBURG HIGH SCHOOL

PETERSBURG, VIRGINIA



Vol. XXXVII

PETERSBURG, VA., MAY, 1949

No. 1

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Staff

Dedication

SENIOR SECTION

Class Poem

Seniors

Clubs

HISTORICAL SECTION

	Page		Page
Foreword	7	A Sheaf of Verses	Anne Doak 44
The Settlement Period—1607-1700		Hidden Beauty	
Anabel Hayes Reese	9	House Cleaning	
The Development of Petersburg—1700-1775		Celestial Symphony	
Nancy Dolvin Evans and		The Crater Battlefield	
Frances Rennick Reese	15	Going My Way?	Lanny Slade 46
Petersburg in the Revolution		John Sally, White Man	Billy Gilliam 47
Victor Woerner Lavenstein and		Garbage	Marcia Elliott 49
George Hutchens Harvey	17	Lonely Pools	Marcia Elliott 49
Post-Revolutionary Petersburg—1783-1861		The Artist	Peggy Cogle 50
Robert Bradley Scott and		The Foundry	Lanny Slade 50
Freddy Bennett Bisger	21	The Skull	Jacquelin Reese 51
These Buildings Now Stand		The Lark	Helen Thacker 53
Jacquelin Heath Reese and		Alone	Sally Lowry 53
William Minor Gilliam	25	"La Traviata" Seed	Billy Gilliam 54
 LITERARY SECTION		Fear	Jacquelin Reese 54
Adirondack Adventure	Bob Haines 37	The Swan Lake	Nancy Deibert 55
Breezes	Pat Abbott 41	Oh, Yes, Mrs. Farce	Jacquelin Reese 57
Poems	Frances Reese 42	Keeper of the Sky	Nan Evans 58
The Playful Kitten		Then and Now	Gordon Winfield, Jr. 58
In Anticipation of the Rural Postman		If You Could Dig Up the Devil	Anabel Reese 59
Ffnif, the Dragon Who Couldn't Smoke			
Nan Evans	43		

"The Missile"

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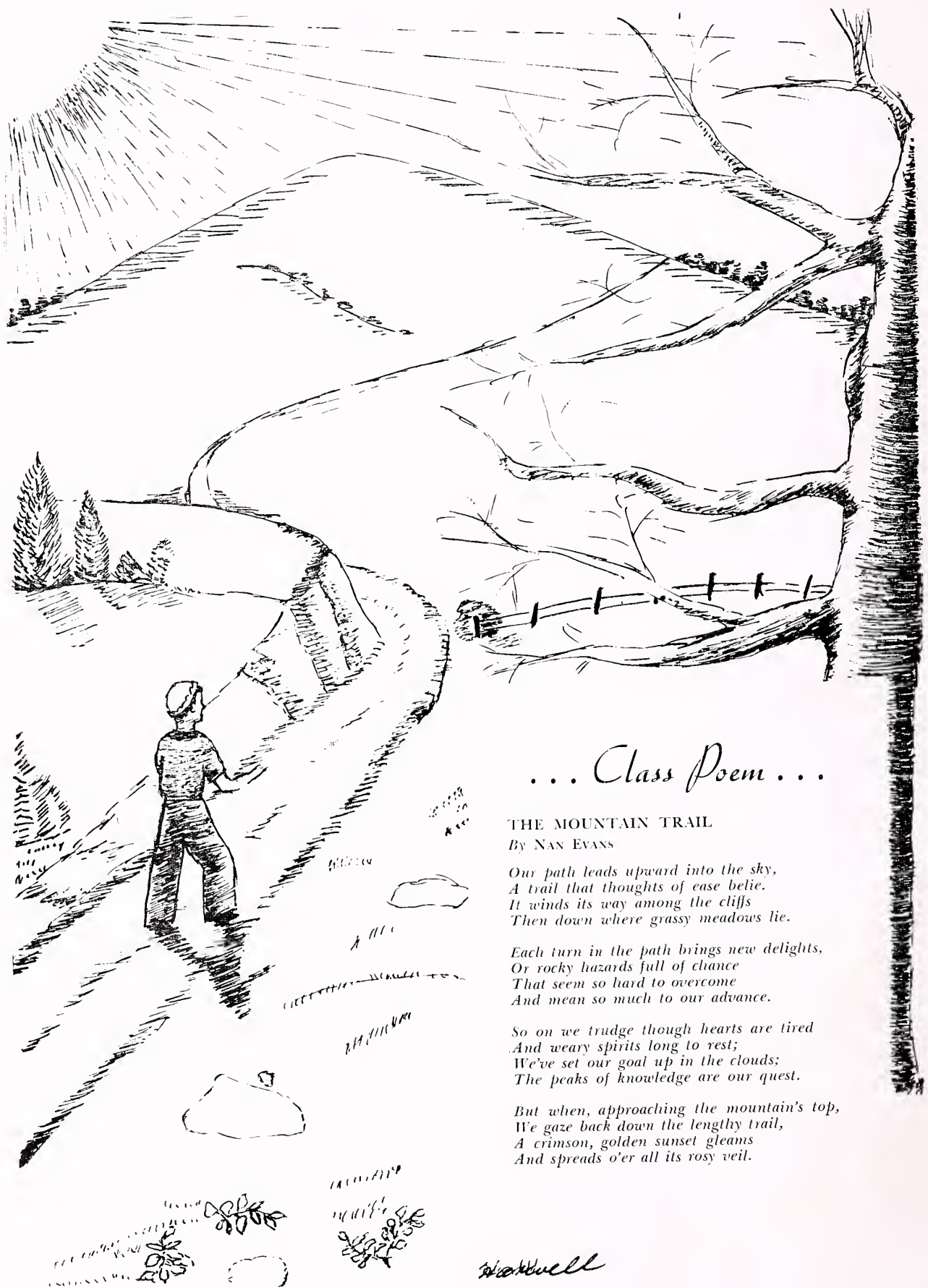
Mr. Charles Edgar Gilliam

whose friendly advice and deep knowledge of the history of Petersburg have been of great assistance to the editors, this issue of the Missile is gratefully dedicated.

Petersburg High School

Senior Section

1 9 4 9



... Class Poem ...

THE MOUNTAIN TRAIL

By NAN EVANS

Our path leads upward into the sky,
A trail that thoughts of ease belie.
It winds its way among the cliffs
Then down where grassy meadows lie.

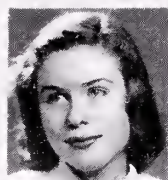
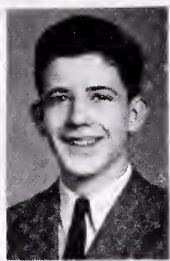
Each turn in the path brings new delights,
Or rocky hazards full of chance
That seem so hard to overcome
And mean so much to our advance.

So on we trudge though hearts are tired
And weary spirits long to rest;
We've set our goal up in the clouds;
The peaks of knowledge are our quest.

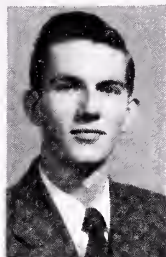
But when, approaching the mountain's top,
We gaze back down the lengthy trail,
A crimson, golden sunset gleams
And spreads o'er all its rosy veil.

MacKull

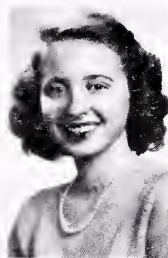
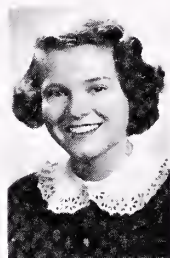
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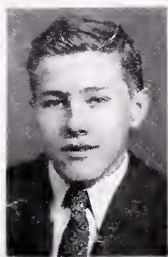
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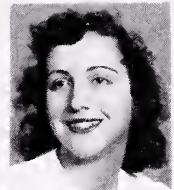
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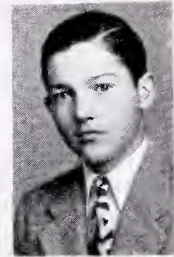
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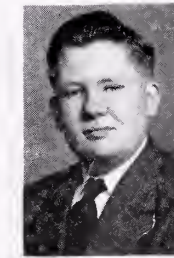
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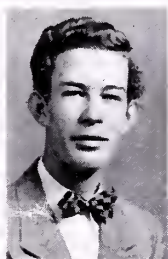
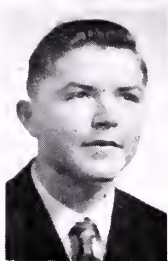
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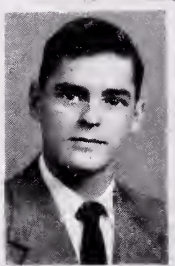


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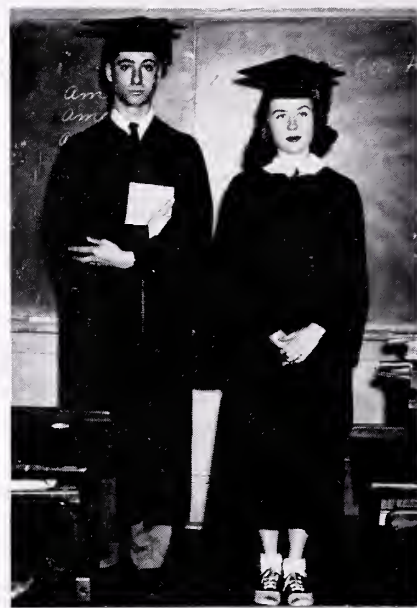
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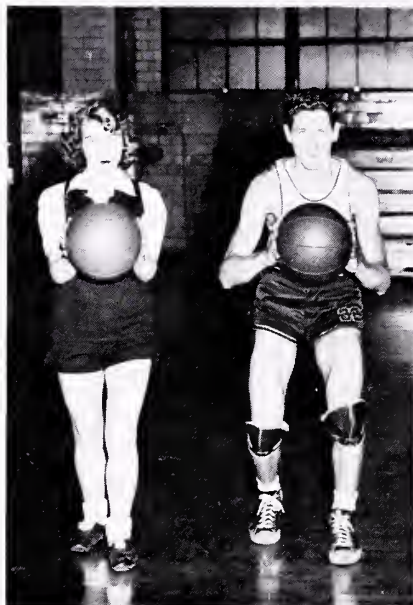
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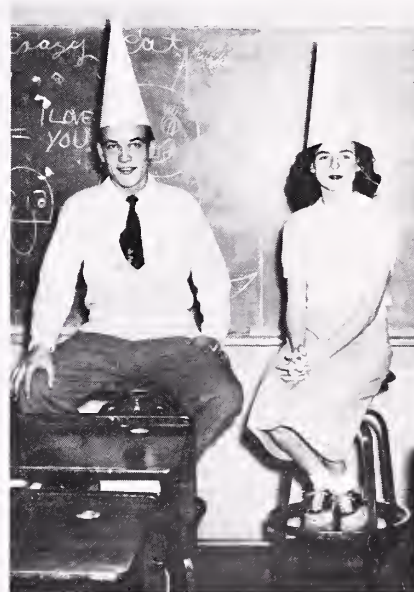
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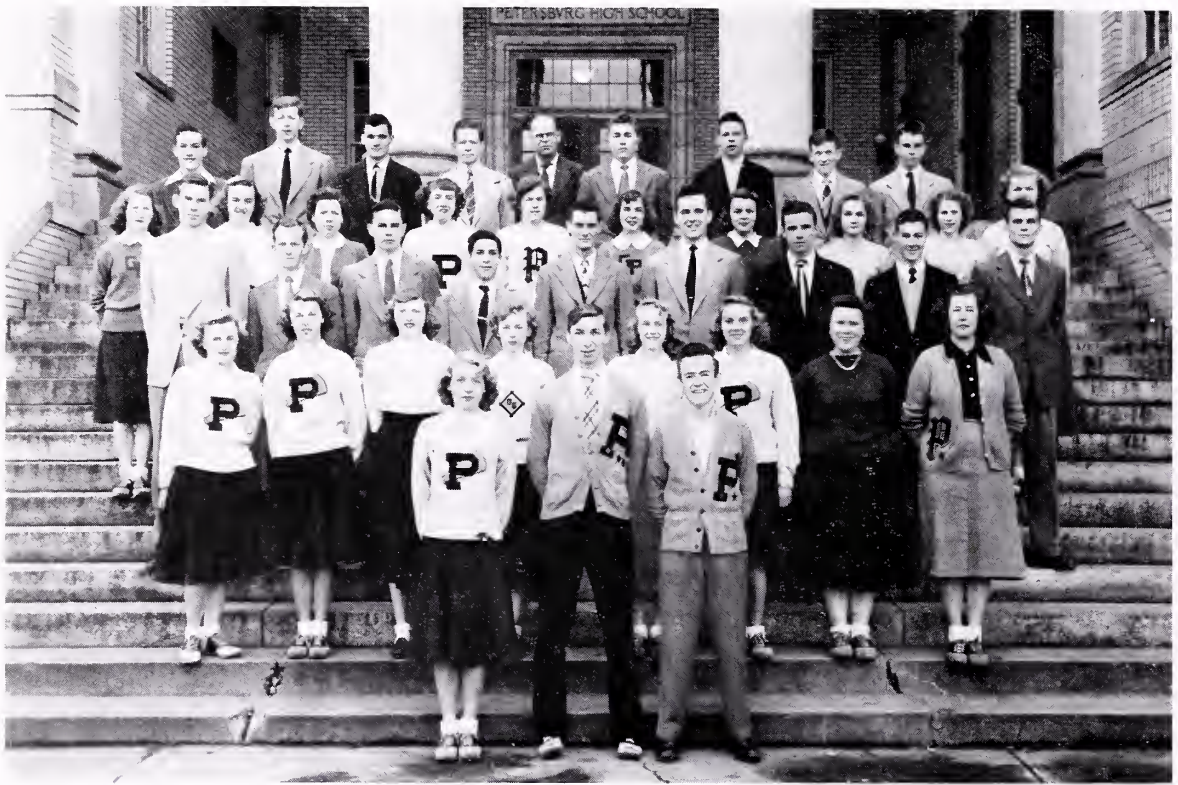
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Secretary-Treasurer Nancy Deibert
Faculty Advisers Miss Meredith and Miss Perkins

Spring Term

President Joanne Stevens
Vice-President Anne Tunstall
Secretary-Treasurer Eleanor Harwell

First Row
 Frances Reese

Second Row
 Peggy Cogle
 Margery Lloyd
 Nancy Deibert

Third Row
 Ann Williams
 Patricia Remeny
 Lauretta Wise
 Anabel Reese
 Mary Williams
 Anne Tunstall

Fourth Row
 Joanne Stevens

Fifth Row
 Betty Aldridge
 Billie Dee Nevetral
 Nancy Evans
 Nancy Edwards
 Sybil Lanier
 Anne Doak

Sixth Row
 Hermvne Struminger
 Dorothy Pillow
 Eleanor Harwell
 Dianne Ash
 Dorothy McCaleb
 Ernestine Hall

Seventh Row
 Miss Meredith
 Susan Seward
 Joy Mason
 June Simmons
 Miss Perkins

Seated Above
 Irving Goldberg
 Clabe Lynn
 Gerald Sadler
 David Young



GIRLS' ATHLETIC MONOGRAM CLUB

Fall Term

President Margie Castello
Vice-President June Tucker
Secretary Martha Ann Traylor
Treasurer Julia Birdsong
Faculty Adviser Miss Ann VanLandingham

Spring Term

President June Tucker
Vice-President Julia Birdsong
Secretary Marjorie Gibbs
Treasurer Louise Smelley

First Row
 Marjorie Castello
 Miss VanLandingham

Second Row
 June Tucker

Third Row
 Martha Ann Traylor

Fourth Row
 Mildred Burrell
 Marjorie Gibbs
 Clara Mae Rosser
 Gladys Traylor

Fifth Row
 Julia Birdsong
 Betty Sheffield

Sixth Row
 Joyce Basl
 Louise Smelley

Seventh Row
 Betsy Talbott
 Jean Fowlkes
 Ann Enniss
 Marv Lou Moorman
 Carolyn Lyons



SQUARE CIRCLE

Fall Term

President Jean Fear
Vice-President Nancy Deibert
Secretary-Treasurer Catherine Whittle
Faculty Adviser Mrs. Pauline Robertson

Spring Term

President Nancy Deibert
Vice-President Pat Bain
Secretary-Treasurer Margery Lloyd
Chaplain Eleanor Harwell

First Row

Mrs. Robertson

Second Row

Frances Agel
 Catherine Whittle
 Jean Fear
 Joyce Ann Cain

Third Row

Susan Seward
 Pat Bain
 Eleanor Harwell
 Delight Strole

Fourth Row

Judy Morris
 Nancy Waggoner
 Nancy Deibert
 Anabel Reese

Fifth Row

Dale Richards
 Mary Jane Thompson
 Anne Doak
 Sandra Lea

Sixth Row

Ann Williams
 Margery Lloyd
 Peggy Land
 Frances Reese



O. G. CLUB

President Nancy Howerton
Vice-President Ann Day
Secretary Peggy Cogle (Fall), Virginia Johnson (Spring)
Treasurer Sylvia Reames
Faculty Adviser Miss Virginia Spicer

First Row

Sylvia Reames
Peggy Coyle

Second Row

Winnie Dunnivant
Ann Day

Third Row

Alice Gray Kroll
Nancy Howerton

Fourth Row

Boots Johnson
Virginia Johnson
Gloria Fenderson

Fifth Row Standing

Gladys Mae Dunnivant
Ernestine Welch
Joyce Downing
Erline Pulley
Joan Pulley
Barbara Andrews
Nancy Jordon
Barbara Newsom
Gerry Shreeve
Miss Spicer
Ann Redmond



GOOBER PEP CLUB

Fall Term

President Nan Evans
Vice-President Mary E. Lindeman
Treasurer Joann Allen
Faculty Adviser Miss Nell Burns

Spring Term

President Joann Allen
Vice-President Marcia Elliott
Secretary Betsy Hesse
Treasurer Joan Evans

First Row

Nan Evans

Second Row

Helen Thacker

Third Row

Mary E. Linderman
 Marcia Elliott
 Joann Allen

Fourth Row

Patsy Kirkland
 Jean Wallace
 Ann Thornber

Fifth Row

Jacquelin Reese

Sixth Row

Connie Fockler
 Jenny McBride
 Betty Nance
 Betsy Hesse

Standing Left to Right

Miss Nell Burns
 Shirley Jolly
 Pat Abbott
 Joan Evans
 Shirley Williams
 Nancy Steel



MEADE HI-Y CLUB

Fall Term

President Gilbert Ridout
Vice-President Leo Allen
Secretary-Treasurer Charles Snyder
Sergeant-at-Arms Alton Kersey
Chaplain Lanny Slade
Sponsor Mr. Horace Knight

Spring Term

President Charles Snyder
Vice-President Bill Powers
Secretary-Treasurer Lanny Slade
Sergeant-at-Arms Preston Harrison
Sponsor Mr. Larry Burnette

First Row
 Gilbert Ridout

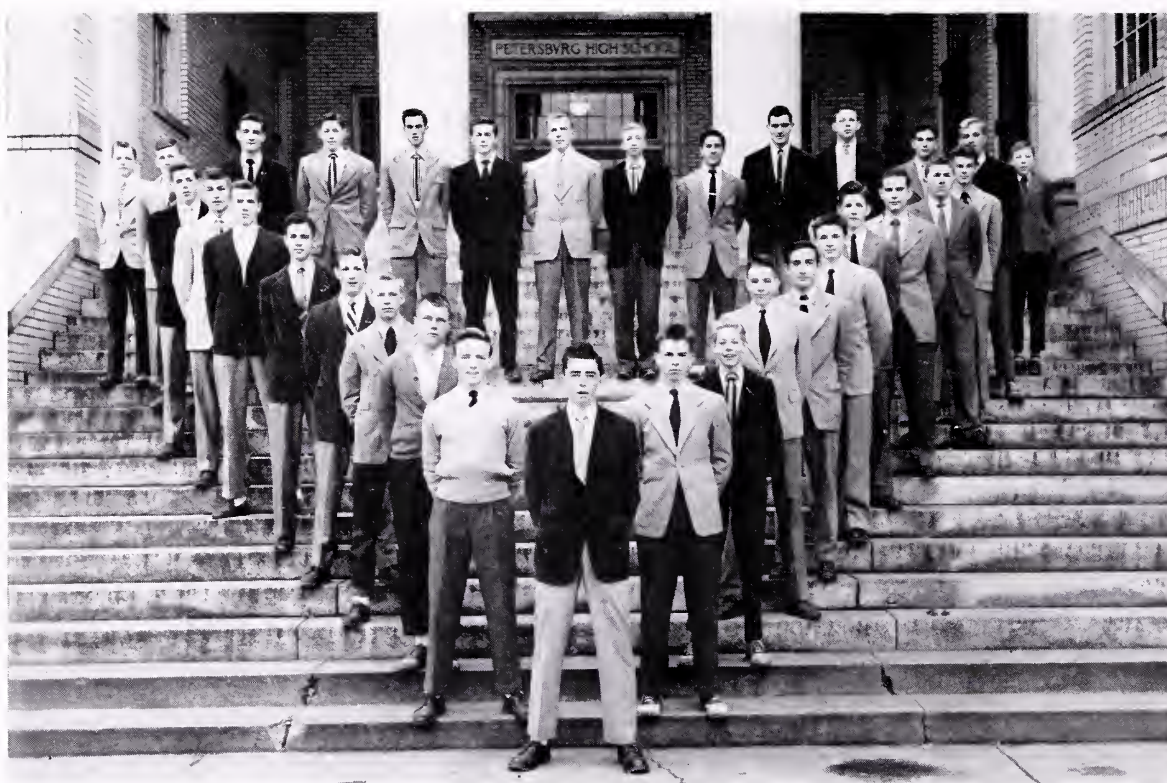
Second Row
 Charles Snyder
 Alton Kersey
 Lanny Slade

Third Row
 Jimmie Sandford
 Henry Simmons
 Bill Brockwell
 John L. Sullivan

Fourth Row
 Bobby Quicke
 Oliver Pollard
 David Totty
 Billy Smith
 Sam McEwen

Fifth Row
 James Nemecek
 Robert Adkins
 Bud Wamsley
 Weldon Smith
 Tom Baker
 Jerry Evans

Sixth Row
 Howard Mizelle
 Preston Harrison
 Billy Holland
 Walter Dance
 Mr. Knight
 Richard Burton
 Bill Powers
 Joe Hoskins
 Ralph Rogers



COCKADE HI-Y CLUB

Fall Term

<i>President</i>	Jack Scott
<i>Vice-President</i>	Bobby Lockett
<i>Secretary</i>	Bill Hutto
<i>Treasurer</i>	Allan Ramsey
<i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i>	David Graham
<i>Chaplain</i>	George Harvey

Spring Term

<i>President</i>	Allan Ramsey
<i>Vice-President</i>	George Stewart
<i>Secretary</i>	Bill Hutto
<i>Treasurer</i>	Seaton Smith
<i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i>	Preston Minton
<i>Chaplain</i>	Paul Lamb

Clockwise

Jack Scott
Bobby Lockett
David Graham
George Stewart
Charles Sherry
Freddie Bisger
Billy Allen
Carlton Inge
Bobby Haines
Jimmy Mayton

Bobby Scott
Charlie Pollard
Kenneth Holt
Ralph Bowles
Buddy Rawlings
Woodson Ralston
Ronald Mann
Pete Zappulla
Jack Schoeb
Gordon Winfield
Phil Kirkpatrick

Seaton Smith
Jimmy Kirkland
Paul Lamb
Bobby Berry
Steve White
Billy Gilliam
Preston Minton
Billy Pollard
George Harvey
Bill Hutto
Allan Ramsey



K-WARNER TRI-HI-Y CLUB

Fall Term

President Joanne Stevens
Vice-President Betty Ann Kidd
Secretary Anne Enniss
Treasurer Nancy Butler
Chaplain Joyce Orcutt
Faculty Adviser Miss Virginia Spicer

Spring Term

President Barbara Edwards
Vice-President Betty Bullock
Secretary Polly Leath
Chaplain Dorothy Pillow

Counter Clockwise
 Joanne Stevens
 Ann Enniss
 Joyce Orcutt
 Elizabeth Harvell
 Emma Brown
 Cynthia Royall
 Helen Jones
 Nancy Jordon
 Anne Tunstall

Jean Elmore
 Polly Leath
 Virginia Coots
 Ann Fischer
 Dorothy Pillow
 Jean Walker
 Shirley Seward
 Jackie Reese
 Jean Vaughan
 Carolyn Lyons

Barbara Edwards
 Betty Bullock
 Joyce Turner
 Lena Simmons
 Barbara Newsom
 Ann Parrish
 Nancy Butler
 Betty Ann Kidd
Standing Alone
 Miss Spicer



"T" ALBRIGHT TRI-HI-Y CLUB

Fall Term

President Patsy Kirkland
Vice-President Ann Day
Secretary Alice Gray Kroll
Treasurer Marcia Elliott
Faculty Adviser Mrs. W. F. Dance

Spring Term

President Ann Day
Vice-President Alice Gray Kroll
Secretary Betsy Hesse
Treasurer Margery Lloyd

First Row
 Patsy Kirkland

Second Row
 Alice Gray Kroll
 Nancy Evans
 Ann Day

Third Row
 Margery Lloyd
 Ernie Pulley
 Marcia Elliott
 Boots Johnson

Fourth Row
 Joyce Ann Cain
 Shirley Williams
 Helen Thacker
 Betsy Hesse
 Peggy Cogle

Fifth Row
 Winnie Dunnavant
 Pat Bain
 Nancy Waggoner
 Nancy Steel
 Mary E. Lindeman
 Sylvia Reames

Sixth Row
 Nancy Howerton
 Jean Fear
 Joann Allen
 Susan Seward
 Jean Wallace
 Gloria Fenderson



LIBRARY STAFF

Fall Term

President Barbara Bailey
Vice-President Herman Dunnivant
Secretary-Treasurer Lola Vaughan

Spring Term

President Marcia Elliott
Vice-President Nancy Bugg
Secretary-Treasurer Betty Ann Kidd
Sponsor Mrs. Gladys Barreto

First Row Seated

Barbara Bailey
 Eugenia Moore
 Catherine Whittle

Second Row Seated

Eva Talbott
 Nancy Bugg
 Lola Vaughan

Third Row Seated

Helen Harrison
 Barbara Flowers

Fourth Row Seated

Jeannine Flowers
 Charlene Kinker
 Beverly Whiting

Fifth Row Standing

Betty Ann Kidd
 Anabel Reese
 Dorothy Laffoon
 Glenn Ridout
 Eugene Andrews
 Herman Dunnivant
 Dolly Davis
 Peggy Parrish
 Jean Walker
 Lois Maile
 Shirley Seward
 Mrs. Gladys Barreto
 Ruby Sirry



CHEER LEADERS

Head Cheer Leader Alice Gray Kroll
Faculty Adviser Miss Mary Bailey

First Row

Alice Gray Kroll

Second Row, right to left

Jean Wallace
 Patsy Kirkland
 Erline Pulley
 Boots Johnson
 Nancy Howerton
 Winnie Dunnavant
 Ann Redmond
 Peggy Cogle

Third Row, right to left

Pete Zappulla
 Phil Kirkpatrick
 Howard Mizelle
 Charles Pollard
 Billy Peebles
 Miss Bailey

Inset

Tommie Musgrove,
Mascot



BASKETBALL TEAM

Manager Edward Durand

Coaches Mr. Robert Kilbourne,

Mr. William Saffko, Mr. Robert Eason

First Row

Billy Smith
 Thomas Pond
 Clarence Williams
 William Harris
 Leo Allen
 Jerry McCulloch
 Gilbert Ridout

Second Row

Charlie Pollard
 Freddie Bisger
 Rusty Blankenship
 Preston Harrison
 Sonny Spain
 Kenneth Holt
 Billy Pollard



BASEBALL TEAM

Captain Alton Kersey
Manager Frank Perkins
Coaches Mr. Roland Day, Mr. Robert Eason

First Row

Rusty Blankenship
 Thomas Pond
 Preston Harrison
 Alton Kersey
 Jimmy Haskins
 Tinkey Williams
 Aubrey McCants

Second Row

Horace Costley
 Donald Traylor
 Sig Howerton
 Bobby Berry
 Weldon Smith
 William James
 Johnny Cates



GIRLS' HOCKEY TEAM

Co-Captains Martha Ann Traylor, Margie Costello
Coach Miss Ann VanLandingham
Manager Betsy Talbott

First Row

Ann Fischer
 Julia Birdsong
 Marjorie Gibbs
 Mary Lou Moorman
 Clara Mae Rosser
 Martha Ann Traylor
 Margie Costello
 June Tucker
 Carolyn Lyons
 Ann Fitzgerald
 Louise Smelley
 Ann Wall

Second Row

Betsy Talbott
 Naomi Fulcher
 Peggy Trollinger
 Annie Mae Flowers
 Helen Harrison
 Judy Morris
 Evelyn Radcliffe
 Mildred Harris
 Leonie Burke
 Vera Bryant
 Miss VanLandingham



GIRLS' BASKETBALL TEAM

Captains Margie Castello, Marjorie Gibbs
(Co-Captains Until February)
 Carolyn Lyons — *February Until End of Season*
Coach Ann VanLandingham
Managers Clara Mae Rosser and June Tucker

First Row

Ann Fischer
 Jean Ann Fear
 Frances Reese
 Carolyn Lyons
 Evelyn Radcliffe
 Lola Vaughan
 Vera Bryant

Second Row

Clara Rosser
 Jean Aldridge
 Betty Lou Martin
 Patricia Wells
 Anne Fitzgerald
 Barbara Nugent
 Barbara Byrd
 Miss VanLandingham

A U T O G R A P H S

Historical Section



foreword...

BY LANNY SLADE

PETERSBURG today is forgetting its past. In our haste to look to the future and to keep up with the advances and progress of the world, we are allowing the few reminders of past history to slip into obscurity and decay. It is true, perhaps, that life in this era of world development has never been at such a high peak of fast and hectic movement; but, if for no better reason than that it offers us a source of relief from our everyday cares, we should attempt to preserve the traces of past history. It was with the fond hope that the interest of the people of Petersburg may be aroused and turned toward the history of their city that this Historical Section of the "Missile" was prepared.

A "little-known fact"; here we have a favorite expression of historians. One of these "little-known facts" concerns the settlement of Petersburg. The first white settlers came to the Appomattox Valley in the vicinity of Petersburg between 1608 and 1622. Thus we find that the Colony was founded in 1620! Following the Indian massacre of 1622, the valley of the Appomattox was deserted until 1634, when resettlement began. In 1646 Fort Henry was placed in service. In Petersburg today, the one name most associated with the city's beginning is that of Peter Jones; and yet, that worthy gentleman did not become prominent on the stage of local history until 1676, thirty years after Fort Henry was built. Another "little-known fact"! It is because of "little-known facts" such as these that Petersburg's history is an interesting subject. It might also be mentioned that Petersburg played a part in the Revolutionary War, a part far more important than most people think.

It should be noted here that the Historical Section carries the reader from the first exploration of the Appomattox Valley in 1608 up to the beginning of the Civil War in 1861. The history of the Petersburg campaign in the Civil War

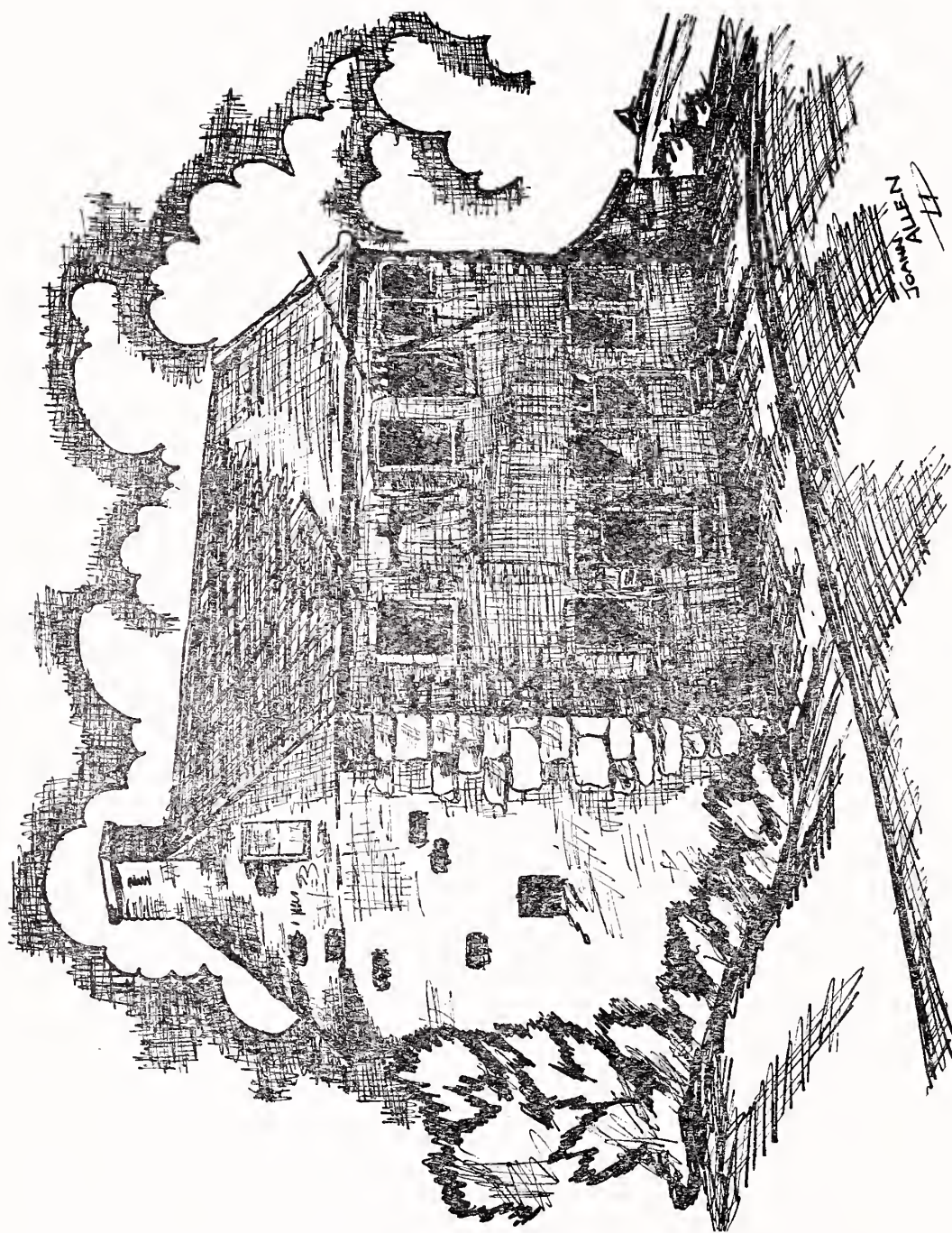
was treated thoroughly in the Historical Section of the "Missile" of May, 1948.

It has been noted before that reminders of past history in Petersburg have been left to decay. And what better example can there be than the "old brick house on Wells Street?"¹ This old building has slipped into obscurity as well as decay, and today very little is known of what went on inside its crumbling walls. This building is not alone in its state of ruin; many others are fast following in its footsteps.

"Contrary to popular belief"; this is another of the historian's favorite expressions. Any number of Petersburg's supposedly authentic points of interest are, surprising as it may seem, subject to this phrase. When this is true, the authors, though they may mention the "popular belief," will state the lack of proof; and where it has been possible actually to take steps to disprove popular myths and legends, the authors have done so. And not without reason; for this is not a compilation of fact and legend, but one of fact only. Considerable research has been made in connection with all of these efforts to disprove historical stories more fanciful than true; therefore, it is clear that the authors have not criticized without an honest attempt to secure all the facts connected with the subject.

History can be made so very dull; to many people the word history brings to their minds a long group of dates and names all mixed together in a welter of hopeless confusion. Any book on history, any historical magazine, or any historical publication of any type which leaves the reader with this feeling has been a failure. To be a work of any value at all, there must be an attempt to bring new information to the reader; and the information, whether new or old, must make the past live again for the reader. In the works that follow these principles have been the guiding factors; it remains only for you, the reader, to judge the extent of our success.

¹ Popularly, but incorrectly, known as Pride's Tavern.



PETER JONES' TRADING STATION

The Settlement Period--- 1607-1700

By ANABEL HAYES REESE

IN THE TIME of the first permanent English settlement at Jamestown in 1607, the territory below and above the Falls of the Appomattox (now the site of the Virginia Electric and Power Company dam) was the home of some four hundred to seven hundred Appamattuck Indians. Though the river's name was changed for a brief time to Bristoll River in 1643, the Indian term "Appamattucks," meaning "river bends" or "winding river" was preferred, and, surviving many changes in spelling, the river is known today as the Appomattox. It is not certain whether Captain John Smith explored as far as the Falls in 1608. There was no mention of the Falls in an account of the journey by Richard Wyffin, but he wrote: "we discovered the river and people of Apamatuck." The Indians were a friendly people, until Thomas Dale, in the process of erecting stockaded settlements, attacked Queen Oposoquionuske's village, Apamatuk, on Christmas, 1611, and by killing women and children introduced a method of warfare not practiced by the so-called savages. A sudden attack on the white settlers by the combined forces of Opechankanough and Appomattoc resulted in the Great Indian Massacre of March 22, 1622, when two-thirds of the settlers in the valley were killed.

Survivors were taken to Shirley and Jordan Journey and the Appomattox Valley was not opened for general settlement until

1634. Between 1620-1646 (one authority establishes the date about 1624) the Indian capital on Swift Creek was moved to Indian Towne creek (west of Fort Henry) and there, known as Appamattuck Indian Towne, remained within sight of the fort until 1691. The white settlers near the Falls before 1646 numbered about fifty. Nathaniel Tatum was a farmer here in 1637; the territory known as Pocahontas today was the property of Edward Tunstall in 1638; Thomas Pitt owned eight hundred and seventy-two acres by 1642, six hundred of which were condemned four years later to build Fort Henry.

For the defense of the settlers in the valley before the construction of Fort Henry, a corps of sixty men under Captain Henry Fleet and Lieutenant Francis Poythress was dispatched along the river wherever there was Indian trouble. The present site of the Virginia State College for Negroes was known as "the defencible place at Fleet's" or "Fleet's Hill" and was probably the encampment of the force, since there is no proof that Fleet owned the property.

Complying with an act of the General Assembly that "there be a fort forthwith erected at the Falls of the said Appomattock River, nominated Fort Henry" for the defense of the settlers, and to keep the Indians from cutting down corn, fishing in the Appomattox, or "performing any other service upon them," construction was begun in March 1646, under the supervision of Captain Abraham Wood, and the fort was completed in October of the same year. The assembly, not wishing to appropriate money to man the fort, immediately turned it over to Captain Wood: "be it therefore enacted that Capt. Abraham Wood whose services hath been employed att ffort Henery be the vndertaker for the said fforte, vnto whom is granted sixe hundred acres of land for him and his heires for ever." These six hundred acres embraced by the fort comprised a large part of the property of Mr. Thomas Pitt, who was duly paid for the land. Within the area of the fort were the official residences of Capt. Wood, commander of the fort; Capt. John

Flood, who held an important post as Indian interpreter, and the houses of the ten-man force Wood had agreed to "maintain and keep for a terme of three years"; store-houses, fields of crops and livestock, a Trading Post, and a boat landing. All "houses and edifices" belonged to him; also "all boats and ammunition"; and he was "exempted from all publique taxes for himself and the said tenn persons."

Captain Abraham Wood, who held such an important position in the Appomattox valley, came from unknown heritage, he himself not knowing the identity of his parents. Born in 1610, he was brought over from England to Virginia aboard the "Margaret and John" to be employed as a servant of Mr. Samuel Mathews, a respected settler of Jamestown. In 1639 he owned two hundred acres of land near Point of Rocks, which by 1642 numbered seven hundred, and ultimately about three thousand. There is no known record of his early military service, which was compulsory for all men at that time; however, when Fort Henry was built, he held the rank of Captain and at the time of his death was one of the four Major Generals in the Colony. Captain Wood evidently understood the Indians, for, from 1646, when the fort was built, until 1691, the Indian capital lay right outside the palisade to the west of Fort Henry, and while he was in charge of the fort, the settlers incurred no real Indian trouble. Wood could make treaties with the Indians, and trading was allowed at Fort Henry, though prohibited elsewhere by colonial law. Despite Indian trouble elsewhere, Wood used savages to hunt wolves, to serve as guides, and to patrol the frontier. In 1646 Captain Flood, whose office is said to be one of the buildings on the old Dunlop place, negotiated a treaty with the Indians whereby they ceded half the lands of the Appamattucks (all the territory east of the Falls), and thereafter they could not enter this territory without a pass.

Abraham Wood was active in matters other than Indian affairs: The legislature authorized a Special Court of Justice in

Appamattuck of which he was a justice, privileging him to the title of "gentleman." A member of the legislatures of Charles City County and Henrico, he became joint commander of these militias in 1656, a distinct honor held by no one before or after him. Later he was a member of the Council of State and the Royal Governor's Privy Council. Records do not show the exact date of his death, which occurred about 1681.

He left two daughters, one of whom married Thomas Chamberlayne, the other, Peter Jones, I. Under the law, Peter Jones took command of the fort inherited by Margaret Wood and became its second commander in 1676. There are few records of his early life, but it is known that he came from England's landed gentry. Just when he was born is not known (one authority places the date about 1640), but in 1663, a neighbor of Wood, Mr. John Sturdivant, had in his employ a servant named Peter Jones who had received a reduced penalty for running away, a custom accorded sons of landed gentry. It is probable that this is the same Peter Jones who later married Abraham Wood's daughter. There is no record before 1655, but in 1657 he was living in Charles City County, and in 1661 Abraham Wood made a business transaction in the Charles City Record, to which Henry Randolph and Peter Jones were witnesses.

When he took command of the fort, Major Peter Jones had orders to re-garrison Fort Henry in anticipation of Indian trouble. Many believe that a new fort was built at this time and that Bacon's Rebellion wiped out the Appamattucks; however, no fort was ordered built, no real Indian trouble occurred at the Falls, and the Indian capital remained outside Fort Henry until 1691.

Though Fort Henry is considered the first point of settlement in Petersburg, there were several settlements in and around Petersburg before 1646. An English settlement, Appamattucks Towne (commonly thought of as an Indian village) was established in 1635. Falls of Ap-

pamattucks was a farming community here in 1637. On a "Map of Maryland and Virginia" compiled by Augustine Hermann from 1659 to 1671, the settlement at the Falls is recorded as the town of Wood.

The Town of Petersburg developed out of Peter's Point, a village on a point of land below Fort Henry, where Peter Jones maintained a Trading Post. Tradition says that the original station is still standing, a little stone building on Durrell Street.

Among the big landowners here after 1650 was Colonel Robert Bolling, who owned East Hill, West Hill, Center Hill, numerous warehouses, and a ferry in the rising town of Pocahontas, and lands along Indian Towne creek, now known as Rohoic Run. Rohoic is not the name of an ancient tribe here, as many believe, but the result of the misspelling of "Rhodhewick," the name Bolling gave the territory.

Tradition has spiced much of the history around Petersburg. One of the most famous legends is that of the Pocahontas Basin. Though once situated at Pocahontas Bridge and known as Pocahontas Bridge Basin, it is now in Central Park inscribed with the legend that the Indian princess used it.

The present Halifax Street and Halifax Road was once an old Indian trail running parallel to the river below the Falls, turning southward above. Known at first as the "trading pathe to the Nottoways," it later became known below the Falls as "the horsepathe that goes to the James," then "Ye Kinge's Road to the River." Beyond the Falls line it was "Monkey's Neck Road."

The earliest known church in the Appomattox valley was built in 1612 at Bermuda Hundred. In 1643 the assembly established Bristol Parish "for the convenience of the inhabitants on both sides of the Appomattox." The first and only church in this parish until 1691 was known as City Church and was located near the abandoned town of Charles City (modern Broadway Landing on the Appomattox). About 1691, Ferry Chapel was built on Appomattox Point (near the Norfolk and Western station). Damage to this chapel by flood in 1733 played some part in the construction of Blandford Church two years later.

By 1684, with planters spreading out over the valley, settlements growing, and little Indian trouble arising, the frontier forts were replaced by a corps of rangers. Twenty men, stationed at Richmond, operated much like Fleet's troop, patrolling the area from "Chickahominie swamp . . . to the heads of the Apomatack."

Life at the turn of the century was becoming safe, but still rough. Laws trying to keep the settlers within bounds were constantly being issued.

A man could vote if he owned fifty acres of land. All crops but tobacco were encouraged.

Appamattuck Indian Towne was deserted by 1692, the tribe disappearing entirely in the following thirty years.

The frontier west and south of Fort Henry was officially opened for settlement by 1700, and the rising village of Peter's Point was ready by 1748 to receive its first charter as the Town of Petersburg.

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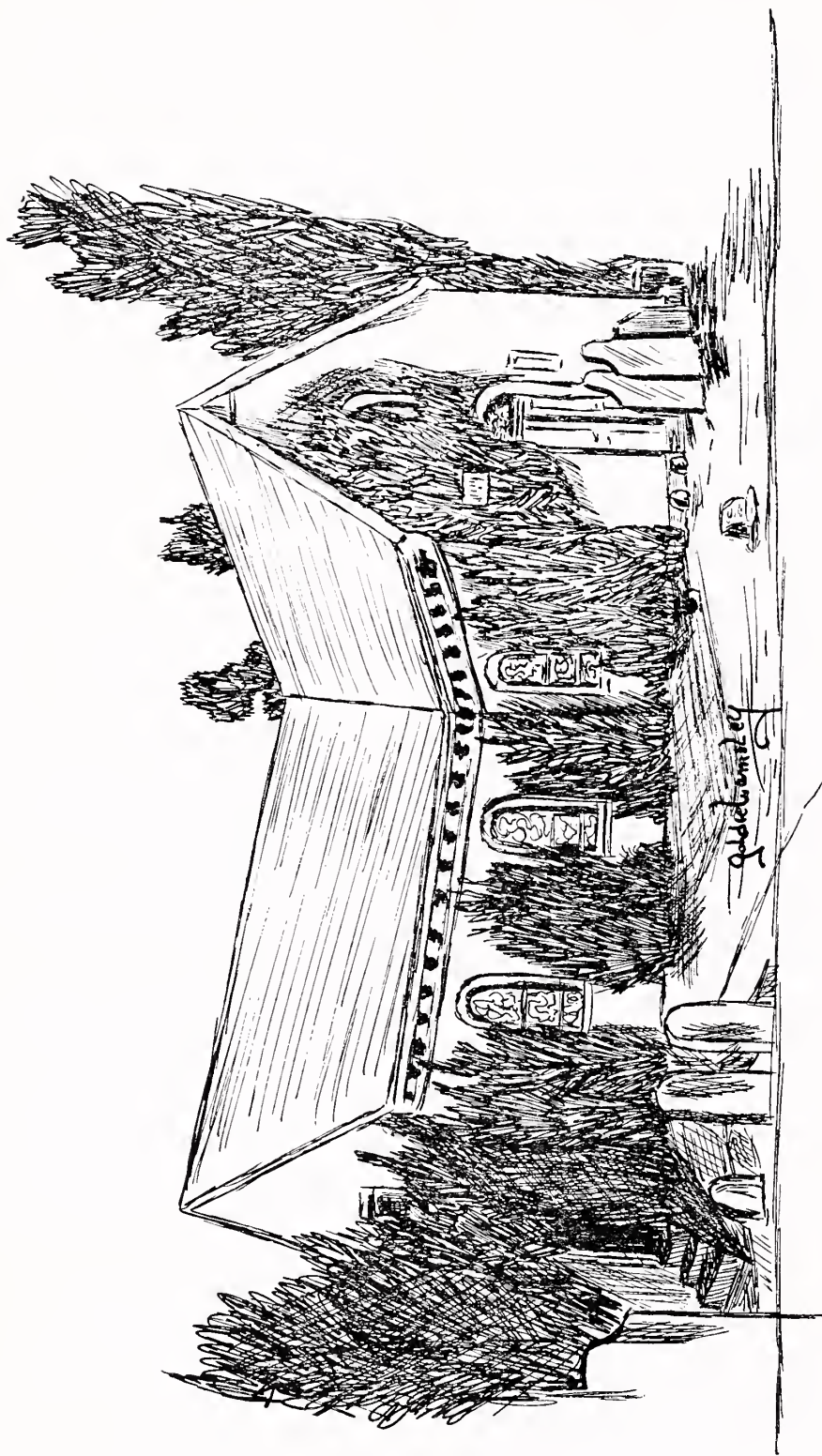
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The writer wishes to thank Miss Mattie Spotswood and Mr. Charles Edgar Gilliam for information contributed by interviews.



OLD BLANDFORD CHURCH

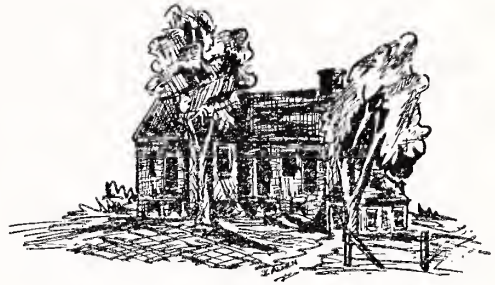
The Development of Petersburg— 1700-1775

By NANCY DOLVIN EVANS and
FRANCES RENNICK REESE

AT THE BEGINNING of the eighteenth century, the little settlement of Peter's Point, built near the falls of the Appomattox, was soon to receive its charter as the town of Petersburg.¹ However, the people had no ambitions in this respect until Colonel William Byrd, accompanied by Peter Jones II, making an expedition in this vicinity, saw its possibilities. He wrote the following in his diary, "A Journey to the land of Eden":

" . . . When we got home² we laid the foundation of two large citys. One at Shacco's, to be called Richmond, and the other at the Point of Appamattuck River to be nam'd Petersburg. . . . The Truth of it is, these two places being the uppermost Landing of James and Appamattux Rivers, are naturally intended for Marts,³ where the Traffick of the Outer Inhabitants must Center. Thus we did not build Castles only, but also Citys in the Air."

Although the settlement of Petersburg flourished, a town of more importance existed to the east. This was Blandford. Built on the lands of William Poythress, it was chartered in 1752, and inhabited for the most part by Scottish merchants. The thrifty nature of these people led to a brisk trade with Great Britain and the West Indies. The town grew to such proportions



that by 1757 it had its own Lodge of Masons, and for a long time it was the social center for the surrounding neighborhood.

In the meantime, Richard Witton and James Murray bought 300 acres of land in what is now Chesterfield County on the north side of the Appomattox River, and in 1750, Witton began selling lots in what was to be known at Wittontown. In 1752, however, the town was chartered as Pocahontas.⁴

These three settlements, Petersburg, Blandford, and Pocahontas, together with Ravenscroft,⁵ were consolidated by an act of the Virginia House of Burgesses as a second class city called Petersburg in 1784.

Before the towns became consolidated, there was so much town rivalry that definite steps were taken in order to keep the people from trading with each other. The streets were laid out in such a manner that they wound in and out and were almost inaccessible to outsiders. This explains why there are no through streets in Petersburg even today.

Bollingbrook Street was by far the most important of the Petersburg streets. There were many luxurious homes here, besides the Bolling mansion from which the street took its name, and all the important places of business were located here.

At the bottom of Durrell Street there stood a covered bridge built by John Browder, owner of the Golden Ball Tavern.

¹ Abraham Jones obtained the first charter in 1748.

² In 1733.

³ Markets.

⁴ Settlers were prohibited by law from building wooden chimneys in this town. Anyone so doing was fined and made to tear down the structure.

⁵ Founded in 1784, this town took in the land between Corling, Sycamore and Halifax streets.

This was done with the approval of the Legislature, because the Pocahontas Bridge was in bad repair. (This was in 1758). It is said that Browder had the bridge built in order to divert traffic by his tavern.

Petersburg in the seventeen hundreds, with the exception of a few quiet citizens, led a boisterous social life. When people wanted to gamble they came to Petersburg, and taverns existed in abundance. Others besides rough people frequented the taverns, though, for the famous Golden Ball Tavern had its beautiful "white room" which was the center of social activity. It also served as the first Court House and City Hall. This tavern was located on the southeast corner of Old and Market streets and got its name from the golden ball which adorned the front. There was also Dodson's Tavern on High Street which may have been built as early as 1753.

Petersburg also had its theatres. One of the oldest theatres in English America was located here, and stood on the north side of Old street, formerly Old Town Street, near Johnson Lane. Traveling actors visited and performed in this theatre in 1752.

The race courses of Petersburg were famous and were known as the center for the sport of racing in this country for more than half a century before the Revolution. There were three race courses, the most noted of which was Pride's, operated by Halcot Pride, and known to have existed in 1751. It was located between Jones Road and Battersea. Gentlemen from England brought their horses to race them on this track. These and other horse enthusiasts were accommodated at Pride's Tavern and other taverns in town, which were so

crowded at these times that men are said to have slept six to eight in a bed.

In its early days, Petersburg was a part of Bristol Parish. On the banks of the Appomattox, in the shadows of the present Pocahontas Bridge, stood the Old Ferry Chapel Church.⁶ This was undoubtedly a frame building, and the vestry minutes describe the paying of sextons to take down the sash windows to make the room more comfortable during the summer months. In 1733 the congregation of this church decided that the building was too small, and contracted with Thomas Ravenscroft to build a brick church in the village of Blandford on Main Street, now Crater Road. Blandford Church was completed in 1737, and its first vestry met in August of the same year.

Tobacco was then and still is the chief source of wealth of Petersburg, the only difference being that in those days it was prepared for shipment to England in leaf form. The Bolling family owned the controlling interest in this trade and had several large warehouses on the banks of the Appomattox River, north of Bollingbrook Street.

The tobacco was rolled in from the country by horses hitched to hogsheads by means of an axle drawn through the middle of the load. The men who led these horses had such a terrible reputation for roughness that mothers used them in place of the bogeyman to scare their children.

The grist mills also accounted for some of the business as well as trade with foreign countries.

Thus Petersburg grew from a small settlement and flourished as an important city.

⁶ The church took its name from the ferry which ran between Pocahontas and Petersburg. This ferry was later replaced by a wooden bridge.

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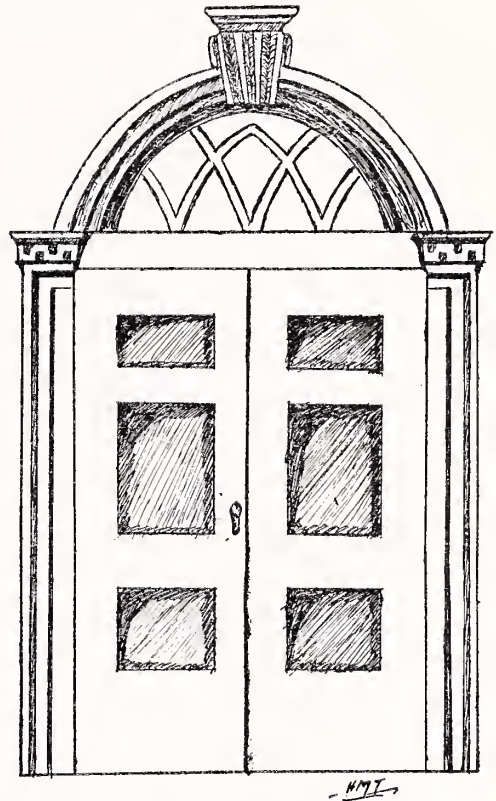
The authors wish to thank Miss Mattie Spotswood and Mr. Charles Edgar Gilliam for granting interviews on the subject.

Petersburg In The Revolution

By VICTOR WOERNER LAVENSTEIN and
GEORGE HUTCHENS HARVEY

UP TO THE YEAR 1779 the colony of Virginia had been immune to the ravages of the Revolution. Then this immunity was broken by Admiral Sir George Collier, who entered Hampton Roads with his fleet and sailed up the Elizabeth River. Sir George contented himself with pillaging Portsmouth and destroying Suffolk. He then returned to New York. From then on Virginia became a battle ground of the Revolution.

The next year a strong British force under the command of Benedict Arnold was dispatched from New York to punish the unruly colony. Arnold left New York on December 16, 1780, with fifty small boats and about six hundred men. His objective was the destruction of supplies at Petersburg and Richmond. Arnold sailed up the James River to Burwell's Ferry where he left his ships and continued the march to Richmond. Arnold's movements had been so swift that the small force which mobilized for the defense of Richmond could offer only feeble opposition. Thomas Jefferson, then governor of Virginia, fled



Richmond after first throwing his cannon into the James River. Arnold then destroyed the public stores and retired to join his ships.

Then the opportunity came for the Petersburg garrison to prove their mettle. Some of Arnold's force ventured as far up as Broadway, nine miles from Petersburg. They were attacked by General Smallwood and three hundred militia. This attack caused them to withdraw to City Point, where they were again fired upon by Smallwood with two four-pounders. This action forced them to sail down the river to rejoin the main fleet. While this was happening, Baron Von Steuben marched with his division towards Fort Powhatan where he hoped to intercept part of Arnold's advance force, but found on arriving that Arnold had slipped away. Colonel Clarke, who was with the Baron, pushed ahead and ambushed some of Arnold's men, killing seventeen and wounding thirteen. Present at this affair was a man destined to become a great figure in American life, John Marshall.

Major General Baron Von Steuben was at this time in command at Petersburg, and it was to be his lot to defend Petersburg from Arnold and Phillips the following April. Baron Von Steuben had soldiered in the Army of Frederick the Great of Prussia and had been aide-de-camp to the king himself. He had been persuaded by his friend, the Comte St. Germain, the French Minister for War, to go to the aid of the colonies. Von Steuben had joined the Army at Valley Forge as a volunteer and had served with distinction through many battles of the Revolution.

General William Phillips assumed command of the troops operating against Petersburg. Phillips gave orders that only public stores were to be destroyed.

On the 24th of April, 1781, the British force of 2,300 men landed at City Point and advanced upon Petersburg. Baron Von Steuben prepared to resist the invaders with his force of 1,000 men. He took up position near Old Blandford Church and waited for the enemy. The British appeared to Steuben at noon on the 25th. They formed their battle line with their left flank extending upon the plain near the town. The British began the advance at two o'clock, in two columns, by the old road leading by Blandford Church. Opposing the British were a party of militia posted on the heights just beyond Blandford, commanded by Captain House of Brunswick and by Colonel Dick. These American troops behaved in soldierly fashion, and they twice routed the enemy.

The battalion of Americans posted at the Bollingbrook Warehouse was flanked by four pieces of artillery and was forced to retreat across the Appomattox. The retreating troops destroyed the Pocahontas Bridge as soon as they had crossed it. The successful flanking movement of the British Army is explained by Benson Lossing, who examined the field of action. "The ground was broken where the Americans were posted. A party of Yagers passed through a gulley behind an orchard, got upon the flank of the patrols, and fired with

such effect as to cause their retreat to the rear. Phillips now ordered his artillery to be drawn up. As soon as it opened upon the Virginians, Lt. Abercrombie advanced in front, while Simcoe with his rangers and Captain Byrd with light infantry passed through the wood to turn their left flank. Steuben perceived this movement and ordered his troops to fall back."

The retreat of the Virginians was covered to some extent by some cannon Steuben had posted on Archer's Hill. From Baker's and Archer's Hill the Baron retired with his arms, baggage, and stores to Chesterfield Courthouse. The battle ended at about five o'clock, with the losses of Virginians killed, wounded and captured about sixty-five, while the British lost about the same number, including fourteen killed. Phillips and Arnold entered Petersburg victoriously. They made their headquarters at Bollingbrook, the seat of the Bolling family on East Hill. They were very polite to their hostess, Mrs. Bolling.

The next day, April 26th, four thousand hogsheads of tobacco were burned along with all public stores. In many instances private homes were entered and the patriots rudely insulted. General Phillips then started toward Chesterfield Courthouse while Arnold took the road to Osborne's to destroy the tobacco. On April 30th Arnold and Phillips joined forces and embarked at Bermuda Hundred to sail down the James. They were met at Hog Island with dispatches ordering them to go back to Petersburg and wait for the arrival of Lord Cornwallis, who was on the march to the south.

Phillips disembarked his troops at Brandon where he was suddenly taken ill. A carriage was procured for him, and the army returned to Petersburg on May 9th. The sudden return of the British Army caused the capture of ten Continental officers who were collecting boats for the Marquis de Lafayette to cross the Appomattox. The Marquis had to content himself, since he was not strong enough to prevent the junction of Phillips and Cornwallis, with

cannonading the town. It is said that one well directed shot went through the house where Phillips was sick. Three days later he died, saying, "Those Rebels will not let me die in peace." He was buried in the old churchyard on Blandford Hill. General Phillips was described by Thomas Jefferson as being "the proudest man of the proudest nation on earth."

On May 20th, 1781, one week after

Phillips' death, Lord Cornwallis arrived in Petersburg where he remained only three or four days. He then left Petersburg and crossed the James at Westover, hoping to capture the Marquis de Lafayette and his entire command. However, Lafayette escaped Cornwallis' trap and was present to turn the tables on his lordship at Yorktown. Thus ended the role of Petersburg in the Revolutionary War.

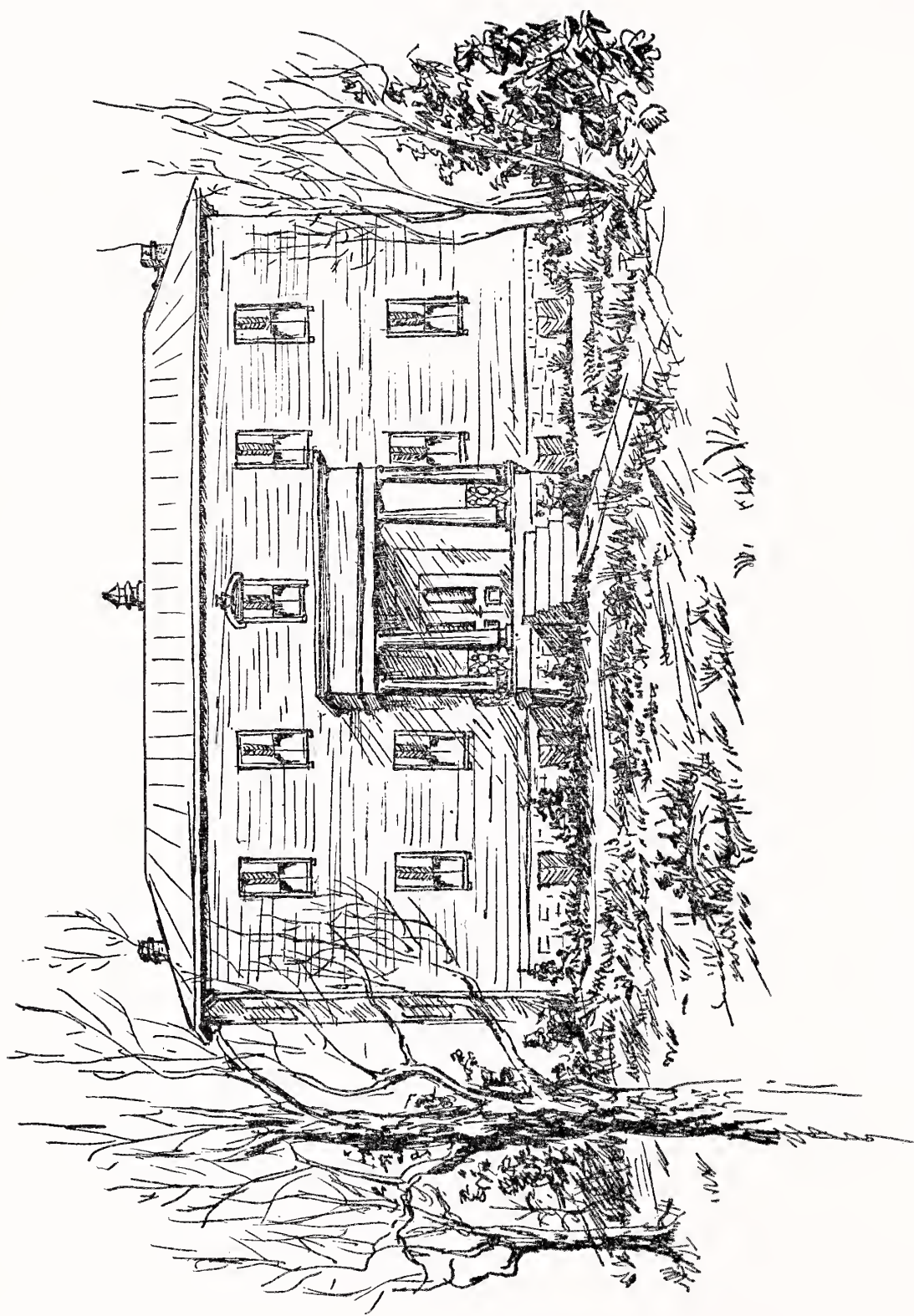
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STAIRCASE AT BATTERSEA



STIRLING CASTLE



Post-Revolutionary Petersburg 1783-1861

By ROBERT BRADLEY SCOTT and
FREDDY BENNETT BISGER

GEORGE WASHINGTON'S VISIT

ON APRIL 14, 1791, while serving his first term as President, George Washington stopped at Petersburg during a tour of the South. He was met in Chesterfield County and escorted to the city by a detachment of the local cavalry. Elaborate preparations had been made, triumphal arches had been erected, and a great public banquet was provided. There also was an address by the mayor, Richard Batte.

The President wrote this of the town in his diary:

"Petersburg, which is said to contain three thousand souls, is well situated for trade at the present. . . . At present it receives nearly a third of tobacco from the state, besides a considerable quantity of wheat and flour—much of the latter being manufactured near the town. Chief of the



buildings in the town are under the hill, but the heights around it are agreeable."¹

At the time of Washington's visit, Winfield Scott, destined to become a great general, was a child of five years, living only a few miles from the town in Dinwiddie County.

THE WAR OF 1812

Petersburg's part in the War of 1812 consisted of sending forth a company of volunteers. This company was made up of one hundred and three men under the leadership of Captain Richard McRae. These men were to take part in the invasion of Canada, and were to be stationed at Fort Meigs. When farewells were said, the band of volunteers was presented with "a handsome stand of colors"² by the ladies of the town. This command served under General, later President, William Henry Harrison. They fought their first battle at Fort Meigs, and in fighting lost five men.

The part taken by this city was very conspicuous, and the city earned for itself the title of the "Cockade City," derived from the little cockades worn on the hats of the

¹ *Historical and Industrial Guide to Petersburg*.—Edward Pollock—1884.

² *Ibid.*

volunteers. This title was conferred by President Madison himself.

Captain McRae died in May, 1814, under suspicious circumstances. His body was found in the Potomac River, near the mouth of Aquia Creek, with wounds about his head which suggested violence. His remains were brought to Petersburg and interred in Blandford Cemetery with military honors. A granite shaft with a bronze eagle atop it, with his company's glorious record inscribed below, marks his final resting place.

THE GREAT FIRE

As it seems the fate of all cities at one time or another, Petersburg was almost completely destroyed by fire on July 16, 1815. The fire broke out in an old wooden stable situated between Bollingbrook and Back (now Bank) Streets. Several hours later two-thirds of the town was reduced to ashes. The destruction extended from Back Street to the river and the west side of Sycamore Street. Approximately five hundred houses were destroyed and not a dozen substantial buildings were left. It was estimated that three million dollars' worth of damage was done, and several lives were lost. The city immediately began to rebuild, and several streets were straightened. Also more substantial buildings were constructed. Because of this the fire was called "a smoke-veiled blessing."³

Eleven years later, almost to the day, on July 15, 1826, several thousand people were around old Blandford Church at a service in honor of Thomas Jefferson, who had recently died. Just then, fire bells rang, and the mass rushed to the fire, which had begun in the same vicinity as the previous one. Fortunately, the surrounding buildings were brick, and the fire spread less rapidly than before, and, by blowing up buildings in the path of the fire, it was suppressed and did not prove to be a repetition of the disaster of a few years previous.

THE ADAMS-BOISSEAU DUEL

In 1820 a most unusual and interesting duel was fought in Petersburg. The two participants were James Bowe Boisseau and a gentleman named Adams, respectable men of the community at the time. These two men were rivals for the affections of Miss Helen Pennington, a lady widely acclaimed for her beauty, and acknowledged as a heartbreaker. From an old account it was surmised that Miss Pennington possessed unusual charm. Adams and Boisseau hated each other intensely. One day, in a fit of anger, Boisseau assaulted Adams with a horse whip, a brutal and cowardly act, as Adams was in feeble health. Immediately Adams challenged Boisseau to a duel. They met with pistols and with their seconds standing near, as was the unwritten law, in the rear of the old Blandford Church. Instead of the prescribed ten paces, with the intent of killing one or the other, they agreed to seven paces. At the seventh pace Adams spun around and fired a shot through the body of Boisseau, who though he was mortally wounded, was able to set off the trigger of his own gun. So accurate was this shot by Boisseau that Adams died the next morning. Boisseau never moved from where he fell behind the church.⁴

LAFAYETTE'S VISIT TO PETERSBURG

On Friday, October 29, 1824, at three P. M., the Marquis de Lafayette arrived in Petersburg. He left Saturday, October 30, at one P. M. As short as his stay was, it afforded the citizens of Petersburg the honor of rubbing shoulders with one of the great heroes of the American Revolution. Lafayette was royally entertained at one of the prominent hotels, and at a banquet thirteen toasts were given to this hero. After the third toast was drunk, General Lafayette rose, and in a sincere manner returned the compliment and said, "Petersburg—under the invasion of an enemy, her pa-

³ Ibid

⁴ Ibid.

triotism remained unshaken, may she, in her connection with her friends, find every sort of increasing prosperity."⁵

On Saturday, General Lafayette was taken to Poplar Lawn, where the school children of the town came to see and marvel at Washington's great lieutenant. The general, who was sixty-seven years old, passed down the line of children, waved at the ladies who gathered about him, and watched the troops march in review before him. As he left the city, people bade him farewell from every vantage point, and some even ran down the road to get a last look at the Marquis de Lafayette.

THE MEXICAN WAR

Petersburg also had a part in the Mexican war. Two companies of volunteers were sent from the town, one under the command of Colonel Fletcher Archer, the other led by William Robinson. The volunteers left for Mexico on a boat from City Point amid a tearful farewell. They, as the volunteers in the War of 1812, were presented with a stand of colors by the ladies of Petersburg. The first group, under Colonel Archer, left on December 3, 1846, and the last group was mustered out in August, 1848.

THE CHARTER OF 1850

Petersburg was formally promoted to a city by an act of the General Assembly on March 16, 1850. The first mayor elected by the voice of the people was John Dodson. The only requirement for voting was that voters had to own a house or lot, or any property worth one hundred and fifty dollars. Officers elected by popular votes, other than the mayor, were: Collector of taxes, Chamberlain, Gauger, Keeper of the powder magazines, Clerk of the market, and Commissioner of the streets.

The Petersburg and Jerusalem Plank Road Company was chartered by the Legislature in 1853. The road to Jerusalem, in Southampton County, is still called, to the

amusement of strangers, the Jerusalem Plank Road, though no trace of planking now remains anywhere on the road.

In the same year a charter was given for the Petersburg Library Association. For a long time a handsome library building stood on the corner of Sycamore and Bollingbrook Streets until it was destroyed by fire in 1878.

In 1855, the United States Government acquired possession of the lot on the corner of Tabb and Union Streets. An edifice was erected, being constructed of grey granite stones from a quarry in Dinwiddie County. This building, which still stands, was used as a post office until the present one was erected. It is now the City Hall.

RIVER AND RAILROAD TRANSPORTATION

In 1788 a company was chartered to improve the river below Petersburg, and in 1800 it received the name of the Lower Appomattox Company. At the end of the year 1795, the Virginia General Assembly passed an act "to amend the amendments for opening and extending the navigation of the Appomattox River from Bannister's Mills as far as practical."⁶ This legislation led to the incorporation of the Upper Appomattox Corporation. This company built a canal around the falls of the river. The canal, completed in 1815, had its lower terminus near the intersection of High and South Streets. Major river improvements were undertaken in the 1820's and 1830's, and in 1846 a ship canal was considered but abandoned. Between the date of the canal's establishment as a navigable thoroughfare and the opening of the Southside Railroad, the upper Appomattox canal was a most useful highway of trade and the greater part of the tobacco and wheat which found its way into our markets came across the levees at the head of High Street.

In February, 1830, an act was passed by the General Assembly incorporating the Petersburg Railroad Company. The rail-

⁵ *Home to the Cockade City.*—Harrison. Page 39.

⁶ *Historical and Industrial Guide to Petersburg.*—Edward Pollock—1884.

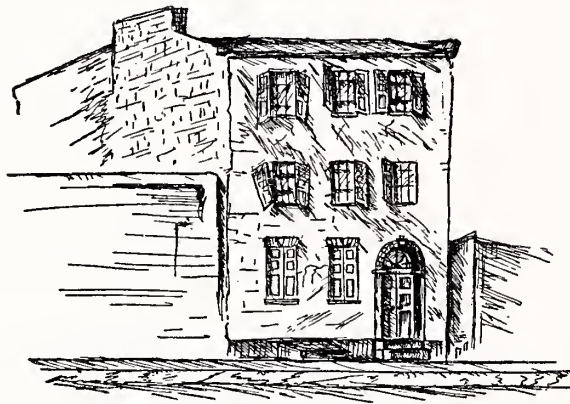
road ran from Petersburg south to Blakely, North Carolina.

THE ANDERSON SEMINARY

A matter of interest for students at Petersburg High School is the fact that the school was founded in 1819 by a Scotchman named David Anderson. He left, by his will, dated June 16, 1812, a sum of money, the income from which, amounting to six hundred dollars per year, was to provide education of the poor children of the city.

To this annuity was added the sum of two hundred dollars, obtained by the city from the Literary Fund. This school for many years bore the name of the Anderson Seminary, but later it became the Petersburg High School. It was on the site of the old seminary that our present school building was erected.

NOTE: The authors wish to acknowledge their appreciation for the information given them on the Adams-Boisseau duel by Mr. James W. Sutherland, a member of the faculty of Petersburg High School.



TRAPEZIUM HOUSE

These Buildings Now Stand

*Being very brief sketches of some of
the old buildings left in our city. . . .*

By JACQUELIN HEATH REESE and
WILLIAM MINOR GILLIAM

THE STONE HOUSE ON SHORT MARKET STREET¹

PETER JONES' Trading Post, this stone house is called.² Rectangular in shape, with two stories, a sloping roof, and walls of roughly hewn field-stones, the building seems structurally old. On the north gable brick set in Flemish bond can be seen, while brick in American bond is found at several other points. The wooden interior of the house, including an inside brick chimney and fireplace at the south end, appears to be of nearly modern construction.

On the front wall, nearer the roof than the ground, there is a brick imprinted with the date 1809, which probably indicates when the structure was built, as the following evidence will show:

The land upon which this house stands was part of Lot One in the original Town

of Petersburg in 1738.³ The other two parts of the lot, which was divided between 1790 and 1795-7 into three parts, are now covered by Ritchie's Store, and there is no record of anything being on them before but a "house built by John Story"⁴ and a "stone lumber house."⁵

Although there is no record prior to 1834 of any stone house on the part of Lot One on which the present so-called Trading Post stands (with one possible exception, for which see note 5), there is, however, strong reason to believe that the house now there was built in 1809 (as the brick indicates) by a man named William Bowden. He had purchased a year before, in 1808, the land upon which the "Post" stands. Here is what his deed, dated the 25th of May, 1808,⁶ conveys:

Matthew Maben to William Bowden, three parcels:

- (1) Story house, thirty-one feet on Old Street on the corner of Short Market.
- (2) The lot at the rear of (1), twenty-six to twenty-seven feet wide (the depth of which is not clear from the description).

and

- (3) Parcel west and north of the Story House, thirty-one feet on Old Street.

As has been seen, this title mentions only the "two story brick" former Story House. This is convincing evidence that the house built by John Story was the *only* house on

¹ This sketch is largely based upon abstracts of title furnished by Charles Edgar Gilliam.

² This name seems to have been pulled right out of the air. Granted that Fort Henry was a Trading Post (Vol. I. of *Hening's Statutes at Large*, p. 325), but a Trading Post (according to the *Dictionary of American English*) is a "place where a trader or a group of traders carries on barter trade with the Indians." In other words, the term "Trading Post" does not necessarily refer to a specific house, but more generally, to any piece of land upon which trading is carried on. Since no known old source makes any mention of a Trading House at Fort Henry, we have no right to claim that this stone house was a Trading Post.

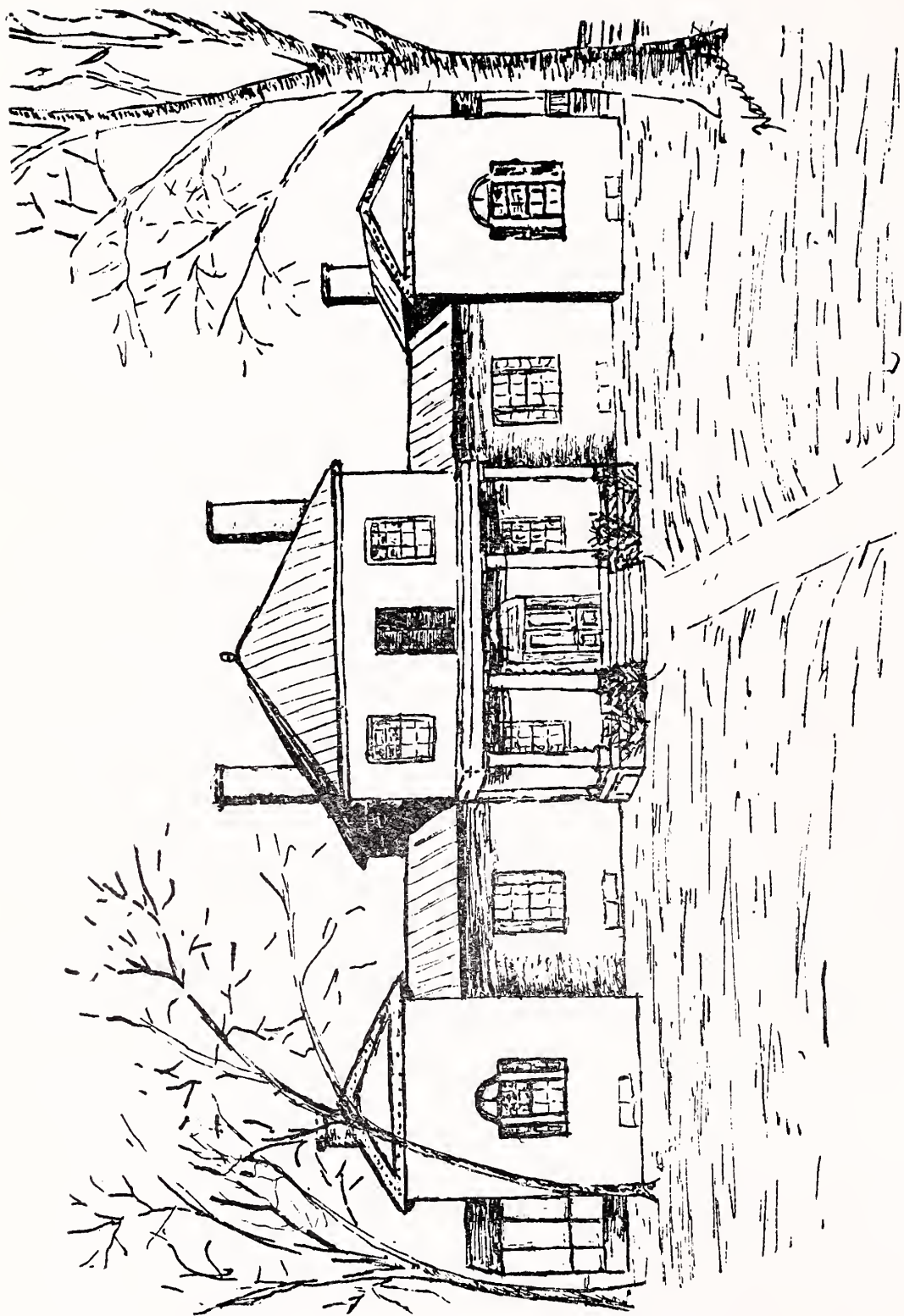
³ Map of Lots Laid Off for the Town of Petersburg," William Watson, Surveyor, December, 1738.

⁴ Note: Deed Books will be referred to henceforth as

"DB." Which house appears to have been a "two story brick dwelling." This house was built in 1790 or 1791 and was at the southeast corner of the original Lot One (DB 2, page 508, 20 July, 1797). Story also owned a house on a nearby lot. This latter house was referred to in a title (DB 2, page 183, 23 December, 1790) by saying that a "small stone house" was near it. This "small stone house" could have been on Lot One also, and so could possibly be the one now standing. This is unlikely, however, for since Story already owned a "two story brick dwelling" on Lot One, his house on the nearby lot would hardly have been located by citing a "small stone house" on Lot One, but by reference to a house on the same lot.

⁵ DB 2, page 487, 24 November, 1796; DB 14, page 349, 14 October, 1836; DB 14, page 524, 11 June, 1844. The lumber house burned in 1844.

⁶ DB 3, page 428.



BATTERSEA

the east thirty-one feet of Lot One, on May 25, 1808.

Furthermore, a deed dated the 12th of December, 1834,⁷ and which is definitely for the part of Lot One the present stone house is on, mentions a *two story tenement* on the land *bound on the east by an alley* (Short Market Street) *leading to the river*.

Then, too, a deed of the 7th of April, 1887,⁸ says, in part, "a lot or parcel of land on Short Market . . . with a Rock House thereon, fronting on street 67 feet by 27 feet. . . ." Note this width and compare with the width given in the deed of 1808 (above). Only a foot's difference! Undoubtedly, the same land!

It seems that only in recent years has the old stone building been thought of as a Trading House. *A Brief History of the Presbyterian Church in Petersburg* (from *The Manual for the Members of the Presbyterian Church in Petersburg*), published as early as 1833, states, without citing any authority, that *Peter Jones' Trading Post* was near the river some rods west of Sycamore Street, but *mentions no building as standing*. Likewise, *The City of Petersburg Va.*, a booklet put out by the Petersburg Chamber of Commerce in 1894, speaks of the stone house, but only in the following words: ". . . an old stone building—one of the oldest, in fact, of Petersburg, but still in good repair, however." Odd, isn't it, that there's no mention of our friend, Peter Jones?

STIRLING CASTLE

Along High Street stand many old buildings, which include the home of Miss Anna P. Bolling, for whom Bolling Junior High School was named, Dodson's Tavern (treated in a separate sketch), and Stirling Castle.

The last is a two story white frame building standing on a red brick foundation. In front there is a square porch with fluted Ionic columns. Originally on Cox Road, about eight miles from Petersburg,

it served as the country home of Peter Jones II. Between 1833 and 1835 Ashton Johnson had the house taken down and erected piece by piece from its present site. It was subsequently the home of Judge John Fitzhugh, leading public figure in Virginia in the early part of the last century.

In 1871 Stirling Castle was purchased by William F. Spotswood, and it is now the home of Miss Martha Dunlop Spotswood.

STRACHAN-HARRISON HOUSE

A beautiful 18th century home, the Strachan-Harrison House, stands behind Grace Episcopal Church on High Street. It was originally the home of the Strachan family and later that of Mr. and Mrs. Nathaniel Cole Harrison.

This house supplied part of the setting for Ellen Glasgow's novel, *Virginia*.

Given to the church by Mrs. William H. Harrison Sr., it now serves as the Parish House of Grace Church.*

CHARLES O'HARA AND HIS "TRAPEZIUM PLACE"

Charles O'Hara was his name, and the old "Trapezium Place" was his home. He was an odd sort of fellow, according to legend. A real eccentric!

*"The grass is green,
The ducks are fat,
And General O'Hara
Has a new hat."*

—That's what the city children had to say about him, so it is told. And he'd get mad, too. Why, he was kin to a great English general!¹⁰ They had no right to make fun of an honor like that. So—after the brats! And O'Hara would "after," until, of course, he'd come near catching one, and then, strangely, he'd slip and fall.

The "Trapezium Place," on North Mar-

¹⁰ Although evidence proves otherwise, the story is that O'Hara claimed to be kin to the English General O'Hara of Revolutionary War fame.

⁹ *Along Petersburg Streets*, by Edward A. Wyatt, IV; The Dietz Printing Company. 1943.

⁷ DB 9, page 193.
⁸ DB 48, page 482.

ket Street, is in every respect as odd as its former master. It is a tall, narrow, three story brick house, with shuttered windows and an outside chimney on the south end. And—shades of O'Hara—it is built without right angles! Not a single one.

The house was erected in 1817 and is now owned by the Association for the Preservation of Petersburg Antiquities.

THE DODSON HOUSE

This old house, known as Number 311 High Street, is said to have been Dodson's Tavern at the head of High Street, at which British soldiers were quartered in 1781. Well-proportioned, the frame dwelling has a full English cellar, and brick foundations and chimneys set in Flemish bond.

Supposedly built in 1753, evidence has been found¹¹ to prove otherwise.¹²



The lot upon which the house stands was not laid out until 1761 as one of many in The New Town of Petersburg on the land of Peter Jones.¹³ It is certain that Daniel Dodson did not own the lot before 1789, and his deed indicates that no house was on it at that time. In fact, the head of High

Street from 1761 to 1830 was considerably west in the vicinity of the eastern end of Pride's Field.¹⁴

THE BRICK HOUSE ON WELLS STREET

Little is known about the history of this now crumbling house. A fairly large structure with two stories and a basement, the house is laid in brick surmounting a stone foundation, which rises about four feet off the ground. There are numerous openings in the building (windows and doors) and several chimneys. A few yards away from the north of the house stand two small brick structures, perhaps at one time store-houses for the bigger building.

Pride's Tavern, the house is called, for no more apparent reason than that the name is attractive. True, there *was* a tavern somewhere near Pride's Race Course, but what right have we to call the brick house now standing *this* tavern?

Incidentally, Pride's Race Course, operated by Halcott Pride and mentioned in print in 1751 and in the incorporation act of 1784,¹⁵ was still used as late as 1797, proving the popularity of the sport.¹⁶

BATTERSEA

This is a home "really worth seeing,"¹⁷ as the Marquis de Chastellux wrote. Situated at the top of a hill in the west end of our town and surrounded only by the goodness of nature, Battersea is truly beautiful. The large brick stucco house consists of three parts—the main building and two smaller buildings, identical to each other and connected to either side of the main

¹¹ By Charles Edgar Gilliam, after careful research.

¹² Since it has been so often stated that this house was built in 1753 by Daniel Dodson, the following note, submitted by Charles Edgar Gilliam, seems proper: "Lots on the north side of High Street from Cross Street east (though no copy of plat of 1761 is extant) appear from early deeds to have been one acre each—each fronting 46 yards 2 feet on the north side of High Street. Theo Field, *et al*, conveyed Lots 24 and 25 in the New Town of Petersburg to Daniel Dobson, Sr., July 20, 1789. (DB 1, p. 536.) They had been owned by Alexander Bissett, deceased. This deed did not vest all Bissett interest in Dodson. Alex Bissett conveyed his interest in Lot 25 to Daniel Dodson, Sr., Feb. 27, 1790 (DB 2, p. 119); and Duncan Bissett conveyed his interest in Lot 24 to Daniel Dodson,

28 June, 1800 (DB 2, p. 661). These deeds state a house was on Lot 24; but mention *no house on Lot 25*. This is strong evidence that Alexander Bissett's house stood on Lot 24 at the time; and that there was no house on Lot 25 until after 1789.

¹³ See Hening's *Statutes at Large* for the Act enlarging the Town of Petersburg in 1762; DB 1, page 347; DB 3, page 281.

¹⁴ The race track was east of Battersea Lane and south of High Street. (DB 1, page 409.)

¹⁵ *Hening's Statute's at Large*, Vol. XI, 1782-84 pages 382ff.

¹⁶ References: *William and Mary College Quarterly*, Second Series, Vol. 18, 1939, page 219; page 212. See, finally the *Historical-Preparedness Edition* of the *Progress-Index*, Sunday, May 4, 1941.



BLANDFORD CHURCH



STRACHAN - HARRISON HOUSE



ZIMMER HOUSE



DOBSON'S TAVERN



PETER JONES' TRADING POST



BATTERSEA



LAND'S END



STIRLING CASTLE



CABANISS HOUSE



PRIDE'S TAVERN



FOLLY CASTLE



REV. JOHN CAMERON'S HOME

building by short wings. The effect seems distinctly classical. In fact, Thomas Waterman, author of *The Mansions of Virginia, 1706-76* (1946), believes the house to have been designed by Thomas Jefferson.¹⁸

Built some time between 1765 and 1770, Battersea was the home of Colonel John Bannister, first Mayor of Petersburg and an important political figure of the day.¹⁹

At one time the residence of Judge John Fitzhugh May, Battersea now belongs to the Perkinson family.

OLD MARKET

A red brick octagonal building with a roof extending over the walk proves to be Petersburg's Old Market. It is bounded by Grove Avenue, Rock Street, River Street, and Cockade Alley.

This structure is said to occupy the site of Robert Bolling's first tobacco warehouse.

THE COURTHOUSE

Facing North Sycamore Street is a brick building of Greek Revival style with gray stucco finish. This structure is the Petersburg Courthouse. Four fluted columns in classical design adorn the portico. An ornamental cupola upheld by a figure of Justice tops off the building. This courthouse, completed in 1839, succeeded a frame courthouse that was located a few feet away from the present building. The old courthouse, which was completed in 1793, was moved to Ettrick, Virginia, in 1839, where it served as a tenement for a few years.

FOLLY CASTLE

On Washington Street, near Petersburg High School, there stands old Folly Castle. It is not really a "castle," though, only a two story, rectangular, rather large, white

frame house. The foundations of the structure are laid in Flemish bond brick, and the building has four chimneys, two at either side.

Said to have been built in 1763 by Peter Jones, a descendant of the Peter Jones of Fort Henry fame, the house originally stood 100 yards north, from which place it was moved in 1855.

As the supposed builder of Folly Castle had no children, the house was called a "Folly" by neighbors because it was so unnecessarily large. The word "Castle" was often given to large structures in olden days.

BOLLINGBROOK STREET

The western end of Bollingbrook Street was in past years Petersburg's thriving business center, while the eastern end boasted of being the city's most elegant residential section. The latter was composed of large red brick mansions with elaborate gardens.

Fires in 1815 and 1826 destroyed some of the buildings, and the shelling during 1864-65 left a permanent mark on the rest.

Although the buildings on Bollingbrook Street are in a run-down condition now, their size and architectural design prove that they were once homes of great beauty.

DAVIS COLLEGE OR SOUTHERN FEMALE COLLEGE

This college, founded by William Davis, consists of several gray brick buildings standing on Sycamore Street. Chartered by the Confederate Legislature, it continued training girls throughout the siege of the city. A bomb-proof cellar was the girls' place of refuge during the heavy shellings. During the worst part of the war the school was moved to Danville, but after the war it was re-established in Petersburg.

¹⁷ *Along Petersburg Streets*, page 23. Chastellux, who was visiting the home during the Revolutionary War, further wrote: "Mr. Bannister's handsome country house is decorated rather in the Italian than the English or American style, having three porticos at the three principal entries, each of them supported by four columns." *Travels in North America in the Years 1780-81-82*, by the Marquis de Chastellux, page 272; (published in 1827).

¹⁸ Waterman bases his belief mainly upon two books owned by Jefferson, Morris' *Select Architecture*

(owned by Jefferson before 1769) and Gibbs' *Rules for Drawing*, which books contained plans for a house (or houses) something like Battersea. Mr. Waterman believes Battersea is basically like Brandon (designed by Jefferson) and the Randolph-Semple House in Williamsburg (supposedly designed by Jefferson) as far as architecture goes.

¹⁹ Bannister was, at various times in his life, a member of Revolutionary conventions, the Continental Congress, a framer of the Articles of Confederation, and, as mentioned, first mayor of Petersburg (under the Act of 1784).

WALLACE-SEWARD HOUSE ON
MARKET STREET

This large red brick house was built in 1855 by Thomas Wallace. A high front porch supported by iron columns adorns the front.

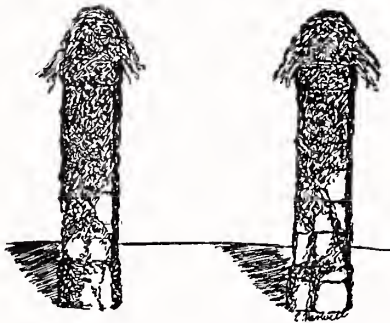
For a few hours after the evacuation of Petersburg, Grant occupied it as headquarters. It was on the porch of this house that Grant conferred with President Lincoln about the terms of Lee's expected surrender.

MCILWAINE HOUSE ON
MARKET STREET

Well known for being the oldest house in this section, this house is located on the east side of Market Street opposite Lawrence Street. It was erected during the latter part of the eighteenth century and was the home of Archibald Graham McIlwaine.

Almost identical brick buildings in Greek revival style, that were built for two of his daughters, stand across the street.

Another house of interest on Market Street is the Mann House located on the northwest corner of Market and Lawrence. This building was once the home of William Hodges Mann, governor of Virginia. Other old homes of interest on Market Street are the Mahone House, which served as unofficial capitol of Virginia during the readjustment period, and the Cabaniss House.



SPRING HILL GATEPOSTS AT LAND'S END

At the upper end of Marshall Street, often referred to as Land's End, stand two ivy covered gateposts. These gateposts were

originally those of Spring Hill Mansion. This mansion stood on the north side of West Tabb Street, a short distance west of the intersection with Union Street. It was built by Archibald Moore in the early part of the 17th century. The building was erected on foundations that were originally intended for the city's prison and "because its high stone basement included cells, it was thought to have been the home of a colonial officer superimposed upon a place of confinement, and thus it inspired many legends."²⁰

Tabb Street was cut through about 1850, at which time the stone pillars were moved to Land's End, where they have been standing for almost a century.

CENTRE HILL

One of the most interesting buildings found in the "Cockade City" is Centre Hill. Located on a hill of the same name, this building, erected in 1825, is bounded by North Jefferson, North Adams, Franklin, and Henry Streets. It is a two story red brick dwelling with a circular drive leading to the front porch. Wide columned verandas face north and south.

During the Federal occupation of the city, General Hartsuff had his headquarters here.

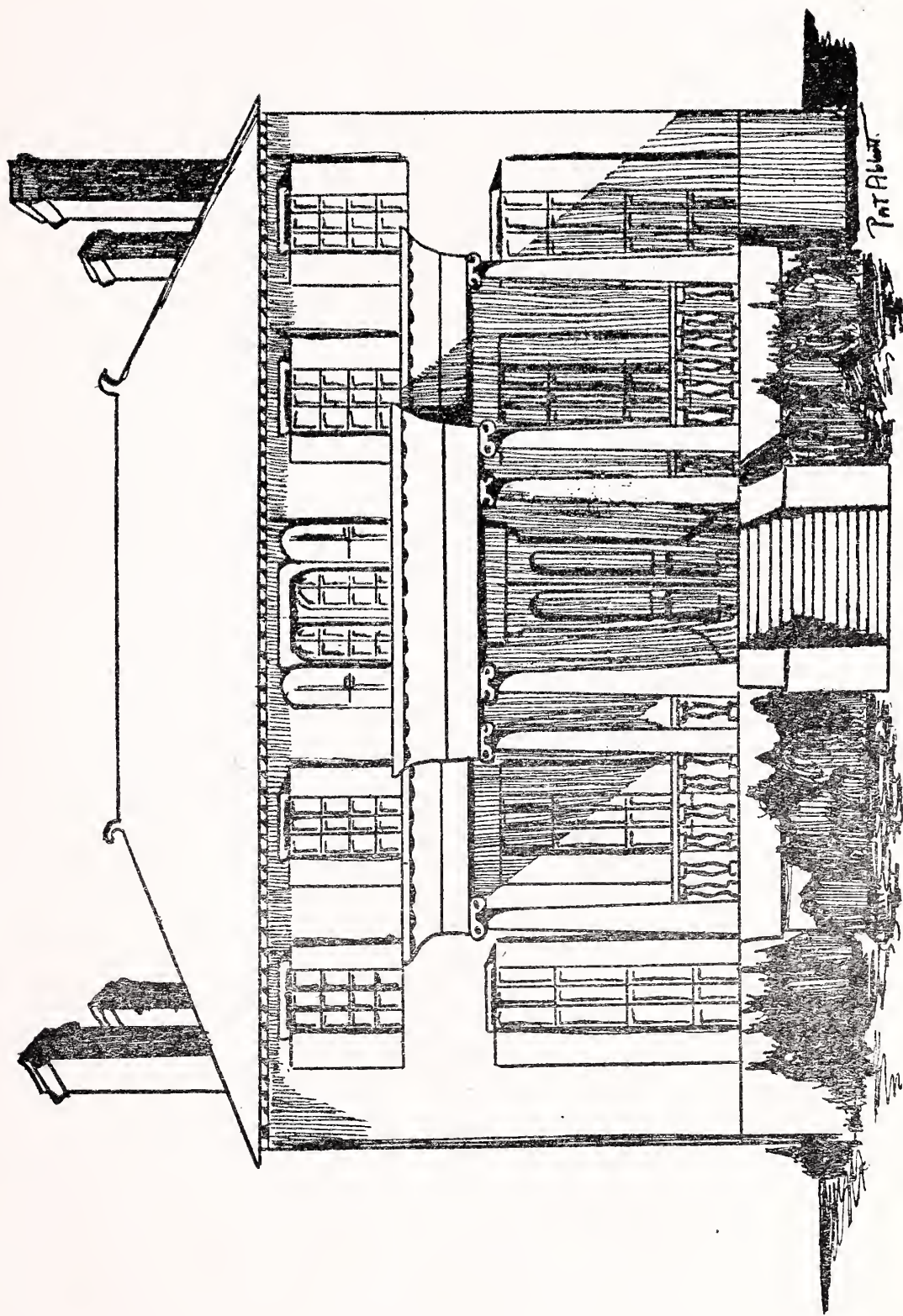
A cannon hole in the north wall and bullet holes in the attic show evidence of the heavy shelling during the siege of Petersburg.

VIOLET BANK AND THE CUCUMBER TREE

Go just beyond the north bank of the Appomattox River, in the city of Colonial Heights, and there you behold—old Violet Bank, the Cucumber Tree, and the Guest House. Truly a touch of heaven.

The Cucumber Tree (a *Magnolia acuminata*) is noted for its beauty and size. With lower limbs reaching out in a great circle one hundred and ten feet in diameter, with a trunk seventeen feet in circumfer-

²⁰ *Historical-Preparedness Issue, Progress-Index, Sunday, May 4, 1941.*



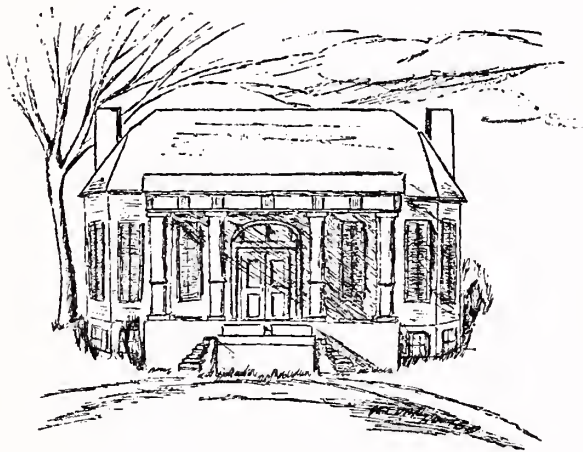
FOLLY CASTLE

ence, and with a height of seventy feet, this cone-shaped giant offers all visitors a startling welcome.²¹

And then, just behind the tree, there's the old guest house, wooden, with a columned porch at the front, and at either side, an outside brick chimney. A striking picture, indeed!

And all of this upon a hill, a hill with a distinctive name—Violet Bank. (Violet Bank is only a portion of the hill, which was originally called Archer's Hill tract.)

Here, briefly, is the history of the old land and house: In 1775,²² a man named Thomas Shore purchased the part of the hill now known as Violet Bank, and by sometime after 1796, he had completed the building of his home there. About 1815



this Shore house was destroyed by fire, at the time when Henry Haxall, the second husband of Mrs. Shore, lived there.²³ Haxall rebuilt the house according to original plans. It was a large home, a mansion in fact. It was *not* the house now standing (as some people suppose), as this latter structure was built to entertain guests by Doctor John Gilliam (1790-1843), husband of

Elizabeth Shore, who inherited Violet Bank from her father, Thomas Shore, on February 14, 1823. It was joined by a colonnade to the house Haxall reconstructed. "There has never been a Shore-built colonial home on Violet Bank since 1815, and since never completed until after 1796, it is doubtful if the house Shore built could be classed as colonial in fact, though colonial in design."²⁴

OLD BLANDFORD CHURCH AND CEMETERY

You who would know Petersburg must know Old Blandford Church, for it is here, in its calm seclusion, that the quiet, simple, and yet friendly spirit of Petersburg is best exemplified. For Old Blandford Church, with its cemetery, is Petersburg, the eternal home for its many lovers.

The Church itself, with walls of brown-red brick set in Flemish bond to spice the climbing green ivy, is built roughly in the shape of an inverted T, with the nave pointing west and east. It was in the nave that the services were conducted, long ago.

It is not thought necessary to go into the early history of Bristol Parish, in which parish Old Blandford Church was located. Suffice it to say that Bristol Parish was formed in 1642-3 and that at least two buildings (City Church and Jefferson's Church) preceded Old Blandford as Parish churches.²⁵

Old Blandford Church was built for reasons unknown, but presumably because there was a movement to form Dale Parish out of that part of Bristol Parish in which Jefferson's Church stood, and because the Ferry Chapel was in such need of repair that a new building would soon be needed. At any rate, we have the following entry in the *Bristol Parish Vestry Book* for March

²¹ "The Cucumber Tree at Violet Bank," by Charles Edgar Gilliam, in *Nature Magazine*, Vol. 54, p. 301; and "Violet Bank's *Magnolia Accuminata*," by Charles Edgar Gilliam, in *Garden Gossip*, Vol. XX, No. 1, Jan., 1945.

²² Chesterfield Deed Book 8, page 197, 13 June, 1775, John Martin and wife to Thomas Shore, 144 acres.

²³ *Haxall's Exors v. Shippen et als*, 10 Leigh (Va.), page 535. Shore died in 1800, devising Violet Bank

to widow, Jane, for life, the remainder to two daughters. Mrs. Shore, who married Henry Haxall, died in 1831. An account of the fire and the rebuilding of the house is told in this court decision.

²⁴ From notes furnished by Charles Edgar Gilliam.

²⁵ For perhaps the most clear and brilliant picture of the history of Bristol Parish, consult *Colonial Churches of Tidewater Virginia*, by George Carrington Mason; Whittet and Shepperson, 1945, pages 79ff.

11, 1733: "Ordered that a new Church be Built of Brick on Wellses Hill for the Conveniency of this Parrish Sixty foot long and twenty five foot wide . . ."

Also, from the *Vestry Book* we have a description of the new church that was to be built: (May 4th, 1734): "Order'd that a Church be built of Brick on Wellses Hill . . . the Isle to be 6 foot wide Lay'd with white Bristol Stone, galerey at the west end . . ." It was also noted that "Col. Thomas Ravenscroft has agreed to build the above Church for 485 (pounds) Curr't Money to be paid at three Several Payments."

About three years passed, and no new church. Finally, however, on August 13th, 1737, the first Vestry meeting was held at the "Brick Church on Well's Hill." Old Blandford had "arrived."

George Robertson was then minister of the Parish. How thrilled he must have been to enter his new "home" and preach his fiery sermons!

On the 29th of July, 1749, the *Vestry Book* has the following entry, in part: "The Vestry Judging it Necessary that an Addition be made to the Brick Church, have Appointed the Church Wardens to consult with skillful workmen about the most convenient way . . ." Evidently, things were becoming crowded. Maybe Mama couldn't always find a seat on Sunday.

However, it was not until 1752 that action was taken on the above decision. As the *Vestry Book* puts it (June 2, 1752): "Ordered That an Addition be made on the South Side the Brick Church. . . . Also the Church to be walled in with a Brick wall . . ." (which, by the way, is still standing, enclosing the Church and the "original" graveyard).

On 30th November, 1752, there is another entry: " . . . Ordered that the Addi-

tion to the Church be built on the North side thereof . . . Richard Bland . . . agrees to do it for four hundred pounds Current money."

Poor, slowpoke Richard Bland. The Vestry had to call him to task in 1764, (January 21), for the new addition and churchyard wall (which he was also authorized to build) had not as yet been completed. Imagine! Nearly a decade late!

Not until five years later have we record that the final payment was made to Bland for building the addition (October 14, 1769).

Between 1785 and 1787 the old church was first called St. Paul's; the vestry minutes record the appointment of a sexton for "St. Paul's Church, commonly called the Brick Church in Petersburg."

But young Petersburg was growing, and aging Old Blandford Church would soon be too small. Blandford had ceased to be the main section of town when, from around 1790-1805, the new Petersburg Courthouse was generally used, instead of the Old Blandford Church, for services.

By 1805 a new church, where the present Courthouse stands (see sketch about the Courthouse), was completed, and old Blandford was abandoned entirely, except for occasional memorial services.

The Old Church soon fell into decay,²⁶ from which it was rescued by the City Council in 1882. (William F. Spotswood deserves the credit for this "rescue.")²⁷ The Ladies' Memorial Association now has charge of the old structure, and it has been turned into a memorial to honor the Confederacy.²⁸

The old, original cemetery, the part inside the brick wall, contains many interesting graves, including several monuments, one of them to the memory of General

²⁶ Which decay inspired the following famous lines: (Author unknown.)

"Thou'rt crumbling to the dust old pile!
Thou'rt hastening to thy fall;
And round thee in thy loneliness
Clings ivy to the wall.
The worshippers are scattered now
Who knelt before thy shrine,
And silence reigns where anthems rose
In days of auld Lang Syne."
etc., etc.

²⁷ This information supplied by Charles Edgar Gillingham.

²⁸ Fifteen stained glass windows adorn the old church. They were placed there by various Ladies' Memorial Associations of the South and honor the Confederate cause. Thirteen of the windows are inscribed with the seals of those States in, or in sympathy with, the Confederate cause. The cost of each was borne by the citizens of the State which it honors.

William Phillips, the English officer who died of fever at Bollingbrook (no longer standing) on May 13, 1781, and who was buried somewhere near the church.²⁹

Across the highway, west from Blandford Cemetery, upon a high hill, there stands a large frame dwelling once the home of the Reverend John Cameron, the last pastor of the Old Blandford Church.³⁰

²⁹ Other monuments include the McRae Monument, the marker to John Daly Burk, etc. The oldest headstone is that of Richard Scarbrough, who died in 1702.

³⁰ References: *A History of Bristol Parish, Slaughter*, 1879; *Old Churches, Ministers, and Families of Virginia*, Bishop Meade, Vol. I, 1872; *Home to the Cockade City*, by M. Clifford Harrison; *The House of Dietz*, 1942; *Historical-Preparedness Edition*, the *Progress-Index*; and several pamphlets. *The Vestry Book and Register of Bristol Parish, Virginia*, 1720-89, was transcribed by Churchill Gibson Chamberlayne (pub. 1898).

ST. PAUL'S CHURCH ON UNION STREET

This beautiful Episcopal Church with its stained glass windows is in Gothic architectural style. "Begun in 1855, occupied in 1856, and consecrated in 1857," the building is successor to the church that was on Sycamore Street, which in turn was successor to the church once standing on Courthouse Hill, for mention of which, see the preceding sketch.

GENERAL NOTE: A bibliography at the end is not thought necessary because of the rather complete footnotes. Acknowledgment is hereby made, however, to Charles Edgar Gilliam and the Petersburg Public Library for their help.



Literary Section



Adirondack Adventure

By BOB HAINES

MY NAME'S BILL. Bill Turner. I guess I'm what you might call an average American boy. I do the same things all the other guys around here do, nothing spectacular, but pulling my share of boners too.

I play football and a little basketball and get along okay in school, even if I did have a little trouble in trig this term. I've got lots of hobbies, modeling buildings, stamp collecting, and stuff like that, but when there's nothing to do around Sacanak Falls, me and Tick just grab our sleeping bags and some grub and set out for the "wide open spaces."

Anthony Mordecai Hall, Jr., is Tick's real name, but Jim Hall, his big brother, dubbed him Tick, 'cause when he was little he was always followin' Jim around, "Stickin' to me like a tick," Jim had said.

Tick's about five feet eleven, with bright blue eyes and a tow head that you can spot a mile away. He's a junior in high school, same as me, and built like a middleweight boxer. He fools around at football, too, enough to be captain this year, and he's the best outfielder on the Sacanak Falls nine.

School let out for summer vacation about a week ago, but ever since Christmas me and Tick have been countin' the days

'til we can start on our two-week canoe trip through the Adirondack Mountains. We'd been lookin' forward to this ever since we were thirteen, when Pop said, "The year you can pass all your subjects, and win a letter for basketball the same year, then it'll be time enough to think about a two-week canoe trip."

Well, this was the year. There was just one catch to it. I wouldn't think of going with some other guy and leave Tick at home, but Tick couldn't go unless Gerald (Four-Eyes) Freeman came along, too.

Now Four-Eyes isn't such a bad guy after you get to know him, but he isn't the kind of guy you'd like to spend a two-week camping trip with, either. Four-Eyes moved to our fair city about a year ago, and he's made straight "A's" ever since. He's built like—well, he looks like a "fugitive from a toothpick factory," as Eddie Price put it the first day we saw him. He wears enormous horn-rimmed glasses, which account for his nickname, and if he cooks on a camping trip like he tried to play basketball, I'd be scared to make coffee out of water he boiled.

This is the way it goes: it seems that Tick's father's boss was transferred to Buffalo, and Gerald's father was sent to replace him. Now Four-Eye's pop is a right guy, a real outdoorsman if I ever saw one, and he wants his son to be one, too, and as soon as word got to him about me and Tick going

camping, Mr. Freeman wanted Four-Eyes to go along. Tick and I screamed our protests, but Tick's pop is a sorta meek guy, and he figured if Four-Eyes went camping with us, "Mr. Four-Eyes" would be that much less reluctant to give him a raise, so Mr. Hall laid down the law; if Four-Eyes couldn't go, Tick couldn't go, either, and I wouldn't sleep out in my back yard without Tick.

Well, we thought it over, and finally Tick decided he could stand it if I could, so we planned to leave on the twenty-fourth for Racquette Lake. The lake is about a hundred and forty miles from Sacanak Falls; and we planned to go there by train and canoe back down the Racquette River to Clarkville, about a one-day hike from Sacanak Falls.

I'd already packed all my equipment and was going over the food list when Tick walked in.

"Well, it's all set," he said. "Pop'll take us down to the station Monday morning, and we'll catch the 7:40 train to Racquette Lake."

"Swell. You seen Four-Eyes this morning?" I asked.

"Yep. He's packed and ready to go. I had to remind him again to take some insect repellent to keep off the black flies."

"Hah!" I couldn't help but laugh. "I've got four bottles of the darn stuff! But still, we ought to have a swell time—"

"—If Four-Eyes doesn't burn himself lighting the fire!" Tick reminded me.

I was over at Tick's house at a quarter to seven and we caught the 7:40 with plenty of time to spare. Time passed quickly for me, and before I realized it, the conductor was yelling, "Next stop, Racquette Lake!"

We got our duffle from the freight car and went to look at our canoe, which Mr. Freeman had given us for the trip. We had sent it three days earlier to be sure and have it when we arrived. We turned in early that night to get an early start, and, surprisingly enough, I slept like a log.

Four-Eyes beat us both up, and when the

sun hit my eyes at 6:30, he was busily brushing his teeth at the washbowl across the room.

We dressed quickly, ate a quick but hearty breakfast, and started down the river to Clarkville, a hundred and thirty-five miles away. All went well the first day; we went only thirteen miles, taking time out for plenty of fishing, and at the end of the day we camped on a little peninsula jutting out into the river.

Tick and I slept in my mountain tent, a nylon tent with a rubberized floor, about the best shelter I know of for any weather camping. Four-Eyes, however, insisted on making a lean-to out of pine saplings, and did a good job on it, too, much to my surprise and Tick's amazement.

It rained a little during the night, and we expected Gerald to come streaking to the tent, soaking wet, but when we awoke we saw him warm and snug in his shelter. Tick patched a snag in the tent, while I fixed breakfast, with Four-Eyes watching. Tick and I had decided beforehand to do all the cooking, and after polishing off some powdered eggs, bacon, fruit juice, and coffee, we shoved off down the river.

We traveled faster for the next three days, going about fifty-three miles in all. Tick hooked a nice Rainbow, about a three-pounder, but lost the trout and his best fly on a snag. I got two smaller ones, and even Four-Eyes managed to pull in a fourteen-inch brook trout, much to Tick's amazement and disgust.

We had come to rougher water by the fifth day. It hadn't rained since the first night, so we figured we were about due for a shower. We were right, in a big way. About 3:30 we hit some pretty bad rapids, and we had all we could do to keep the canoe from bouncing off a rock. Then it came—right in the middle of the rapids! Without warning, a tongue of lightning flashed across the sky, and it began to rain. In a few minutes the water was coming down so hard we could hardly see the shore, and the river was getting rougher by the second. Tick had a hard time keeping

the canoe on an even keel in the stern, but I was giving him all the help I could from the bow of the frail craft. We thought the canoe would hit a rock any second, and suddenly I heard a shout from Four-Eyes—

“Tick—a rock!”

The next thing I knew I was swirling in the rapids, fighting to keep my head above water. I kicked off my moccasins, ripped off my jacket, and began to struggle for shore, bouncing back and forth from rock to rock. Water was coming in through my nose, mouth, and ears, it seemed, and I felt like a sponge going over Niagara Falls.

Finally my feet touched bottom, and I saw the shore only a few yards away. I struggled through the current and fell exhausted on the bank.

When I awoke, it was morning, and the rain had stopped. I looked around, wondering if Tick and Four-Eyes had been as lucky as I had. Suddenly my eyes fell on an object lying on one of the larger rocks, near my side of the roaring river. It looked like—it was—“Tick!” I yelled at him. “Hey, Tick! Tick!” He stirred, sat up, and looked around. Then he saw me.

“Bill! Are you okay?”

“Yeah,” I answered. “Where’s Four-Eyes?”

“I dunno—m-maybe he—”

“We’ll look for him after we get you off that rock!” I interrupted.

Maybe Four-Eyes was drowned, I thought. But, no, he was probably downstream further. Tick’s voice interrupted my thoughts.

“Hey, I’ve got a hatchet—the current’s too strong to swim. Maybe you could chop down one of those trees—”

My eyes followed his pointing finger and fell on a row of poplar trees along the bank. One was about forty feet high—it would lack about fifteen feet of reaching Tick.

“Can you throw me the ax?” I hollered.

“Here it comes—!” He let go with a heave that showed me why he held the district shot and discus record—and the

hatchet plunked on the sand only a few yards away.

In twenty minutes I had felled the tree, and Tick was clambering along the trunk to shore.

“Boy,” he exclaimed, “I never thought I’d get out of that!”

“It’s lucky you had that hatchet, or you’d still be out on that rock,” I reminded him.

“I had it stuck in my belt when the canoe overturned. I guess we better start looking for Four-Eyes.”

We walked up and down the river bank for an hour and a half, shouting our lungs out, but still could find no trace of Gerald.

“He—must’ve drowned—” Tick blurted out.

“Yeah — — ,” was about all I could manage to say.

Then Tick spoke up again. “Well, I guess we better start walking for home.”

“Home” was eighty-seven miles away, and the nearest village was sixty-eight, but the rapids would break up a raft like so many toothpicks, so we started to walk.

I was barefoot, but Tick still had on his leather boots, which were heavy and uncomfortable. By mid-afternoon we both knew we couldn’t go far without some better footwear, so we decided to cut his boots off to make moccasins. By using our belts for rawhide thongs, we thought we could fashion some fairly decent footwear.

While Tick was cutting the leather with my Scout knife, going by an old Boy Scout pattern, I went back in the woods a little bit and built a couple of rabbit snares out of fishing string which was in my pocket. Then I came back and looked up and down the beach for something that meant our life or death. After looking about half an hour, I found the object of my search—a small piece of flint!

Tick and I collected some dry cedar bark, crumbled it up, got some small twigs, and settled down to make a fire by flint and steel.

After banging the stone against my knife handle about twenty-five or thirty

times, we got a faint spark which immediately went out. We tried again, and again, and finally, after blowing till we felt like a pair of bellows, we got a tiny flame of a fire. We gradually built it up until we had a pretty good-sized blaze.

Tick had the pattern for the moccasins all cut out, and I went to see what luck I'd had with my snares. They hadn't been touched. I was about to return to Tick and the fire when I heard a rustle in the brush. It was a rabbit! He looked at me curiously while I slowly reached down and picked up a rock. He still stood there looking at me, so I let loose. My aim was bad and the rock bounced in front of him, but it caught him in the side. He limped off down the path, but I dove at him and caught him by the hind legs.

I took the rabbit back to Tick who hollered anxiously, "Ah! At last we eat!" We skinned my catch and broiled him for supper.

The leather from Tick's boots was hard and brittle from being wet, so we took the rabbit's brains, rubbed them into the leather, and hung the unfinished moccasins on a tree to dry.

We slept in the trees that night, for fear of animals or snakes on the ground. We ate the rest of the rabbit for breakfast, finished our moccasins, and started to walk. For three days we walked, living off wild herbs and berries and another rabbit which Tick caught in an overnight snare.

On the fifth day we were just about exhausted. No more berries were to be found, and we couldn't seem to catch another rabbit. Then Tick thought of something we both should have thought of before: making a fishline! Tick had on an old army shirt, with wire holding on the buttons. We bent a hook out of this, caught a couple of grasshoppers, and sat down to fish.

We threw the line into the river, and after a five-minute wait, Tick pulled in an eight-inch sunfish! We tossed the line in again, but as it hit the water, a monster seemed to take it, and the line snapped.

We had about two feet of line left, and we couldn't catch much on that.

We ate our catch sparingly, but after four more days of walking, with nothing but water to drink, we felt, and I guess we looked, like ghosts. We found a patch of huckleberries, but they weren't ripe. We ate them anyway, but we only got sick and lost them.

Finally, on the eleventh day of our wanderings, we felt more dead than alive. Our throats were so sore we could hardly talk, and I knew if I walked another mile it would be my last. We had no idea how far we had walked, but I figured it must be at least forty miles. We lay down under a tree, completely exhausted, when suddenly Tick whispered anxiously, "Listen!"

I heard it, too. A faint "hal-loo" from off in the distance. Tick jumped up and ran deliriously in the direction of the voice, with me right behind him. Suddenly I began to feel dizzy, nauseated. The ground in front of me wavered and seemed to hit me square in the face.

When my eyes cleared, I was lying in a nice, soft bed, with clean white sheets. I could hear voices. One of them sounded like Mr. Freeman.

"—And I tell you, Tick, you and Bill were sure lucky Gerald was an Eagle Scout, and knew his woodcraft the way he did. If he hadn't showed us the path you broke, you'd probably still be up in the Adirondacks. Yep, that living fourteen years in a lumber camp sure paid off, eh Gerald?"

"Aw, Dad, anybody coulda—hey look, Bill's awake," I heard Gerald say.

"Fourteen years in a lumber camp?" I dizzily asked. Gerald (Four-Eyes) Freeman, an Eagle Scout, living fourteen years in a lumber camp. It seemed unbelievable.

"Gosh, I — I" — I tried to thank him.

"That's okay," Tick interrupted, "I thanked him for both of us. Jerry was smart, Bill. He hung onto the canoe and floated downstream about a mile, and caught on a big rock. Then he patched the canoe, and made it to Clarkville, alone!"

"Boy, that's some canoeing!" I was so surprised I couldn't say any more.

"And guess what?" Tick started up again. "Jerry's going to the New York State College of Forestry, same as us. We'll have

four years together at college."

"That's a year off," spoke up Jerry.

"Right now we all want to hear about your adventures."



Breezes

By PAT ABBOTT

*The breeze that wanders through the pines
Sighs
Lullabies
Of tranquil beauty among the hills,
Where flowered fields and mirroring rills
Are
Stretched afar
And bring the wistful walker on their trails.*

*Breezes stir the flowers in the morn
To make
Them wake
And listen to their tales of beauty high
Of snowy blossoms floating in the sky;
A soaring dove,
High above,
Is drifting fairy feathers to the dales.*

*The perfumed breeze that runs the lanes
Sings
And brings
Far tidings for the wayside ears;
For all the whispering he hears
Every day
Along his way
He knows the hidden secrets of the vales.*

Poems

By FRANCES REESE

The Playful Kitten

*Scrubby little kitten prancing on the lawn
With the grace and beauty of a yearling fawn,
With coat of many colors and a tail so long;
In high cat society she just does not belong.
Superficial beauty, beauty to disguise
Clumsy little kittens with gay and flirting eyes.*

*Scrubby little kitten, happy, light, and gay
Playing with the earthworms at the break
of day,
Scoops the helpless creature in her tiny paw
Then drops it in the clover with a look of awe.
Cats in high society wouldn't dare to play
With dirty little earthworms passing by
their way.*

*Playful little kitten pawing through the fence
Keeps the yellow cocker prancing in suspense.
She slaps him on his forehead, slaps him on
his nose,
And keeps the frantic puppy dancing on
his toes.
Sophisticated kittens just don't have the grace
That blesses friendly feline, the princess of
her race.*

In Anticipation of The Rural Postman

*Under the shade of the shrub I lay
Hid from the noonday sun.
Late is the postman coming this way
Making his daily run.*

*Papers and folders and food for hogs,
Which will he bring today?
Maybe some letters or postcards,
Telegrams wasting away.*

*Little red ant in yon sandy land,
Which will he bring today?
Wish you would hurry the lazy man,
He's late in coming this way.*

Ffnif, The Dragon Who Could'nt Smoke

By NAN EVANS

ONCE upon a time, when knighthood was in flower, there lived a little dragon whose name was Ffnif. He was a perfect little dragon in most respects. His skin was a shiny green, his tongue a fiery red, and his eyes were fierce and flashing. He had only one fault. He couldn't blow smoke through his nose. He couldn't smoke at all! Ffnif was a sad little dragon indeed.

It all started one day when Ffnif's mother and father had a few friends in for supper.

After the supper had been eaten, the guests repaired to the other cave to smoke and chat. Little Ffnif should have been in bed by this time, but instead, he hid himself behind a rock to watch.

Soon all the dragons were puffing away, each trying to outdo the other. One old grandfather dragon was even blowing smoke-rings. The cave filled with smoke. Smoke even oozed out of the doors and cracks, frightening a nearby farmer to such an extent that he dashed madly to the nearest castle.

Behind his rock, Ffnif sat, dreaming of the day when he would smoke so much

that, by himself, he would fill a cave twice as large as this one. But, try as hard as he might, he couldn't smoke yet.

A few days later, Ffnif was spying on his father, who was holding a business conference. Being king of all the dragons, it was his duty to appoint the various dragons to guard the castles containing the fair, young damsels. At the present time, the king had called together several of his most trusted advisers and they had locked themselves in a room to decide who was to fill a vacancy created because of a death. The silence was deafening, as each dragon pondered over his choice, and the room became smokier and smokier, as each dragon belched forth smoke.

Ffnif was greatly impressed. Smoke, he thought, must definitely be an aid to deep thinking. When he grew up, the other dragons would call him the wisest dragon in the kingdom because he could smoke so much.

Ffnif's desire to smoke grew with the years. On his twelfth birthday, he decided it was time for him to learn the gentle art.

He went to all his friends and asked them to help him learn. For some reason, none of them seemed willing. They either knew and wouldn't tell, or they didn't know how they did it.

Ffnif became desperate. He had reached the point where he was envious of all the other dragons. He felt like a social outcast.

Then one day he met a dragon named Geraldine and she knew how to smoke. Of course he couldn't be outdone by a girl, so he asked her to teach him. She was more than willing and so, after a few lessons, Ffnif was smoking like a volcano.

At last he had reached the highest pinnacle of dragonhood. Now he was ready to conquer the world, afraid of nothing—not even King Arthur's knights.

A Sheaf of Verses

By ANNE DOAK

Hidden Beauty

*My spade upturned a load of earth,
Dislodged it from its winter berth.
'Twas cool and rich,
As black as pitch,
And seemed to have no beauty or worth.*

*And yet I knew, though it seemed odd,
That the granulated wealth of God—
A maiden fair,
A jewel rare—
Lay hidden in this lump of sod.*

*And transformation, a wondrous thing,
From such a clod perhaps would bring
That maiden's grace,
That jewel's face
Again—in the first wildflower of spring.*

House Cleaning

*I don't believe in myths or ancient gods
And yet—standing alone on a beach at night
I saw or thought I saw, which is the same,
That banished tyrant of the sea, Neptune,
And in his hand no trident, but a broom.
I laughed at his loss of dignity—he blushed
But gently began to brush away debris
Which agitated waves cast on the shore.
His sharp, brisk broom in unskilled hands
whipped up
Damp dust, white froth—like soapsuds in
a pail;
And sometimes in a fit of industry,
He tried to sweep aside the liquid weight,
To scour the sandy bottom of the depths
Until it shone, reflecting on the scales
Of many-colored fishes, strangely shaped.
He then, discouraged, turned and disappeared,
His cleaning over for the night. I smiled
And understood.*

Celestial Symphony

*Don't you hear the gentle gliding, the soft and
silky sliding
Of the glistening globes of crystal as they spiral,
ne'er colliding
Through the dim and shady paths of the dark
and pathless night,
As they spin in spacious orbits, kaleidoscopes of
light?*

*Don't you hear the dainty wheezes of the Sisters'
genteel sneezes
As the ancient moon is dusted by fleeting
phantom breezes,
Or the drip of lactic liquids when the Dipper's
all atilt
Studding with sparkling stars, a shimmering,
glimmering quilt?*

*Don't you hear the drums of the morning that
usher in the sun
Their distant rolling rumbles that greet the day
begun?
Alas! I forgot, poor mortal—you listen with
untuned ear
And God's celestial symphony you cannot,
will not hear.*

The Crater Battlefield

*Where once the traitor earth at break of day
Skyward heaved a geyser, dark and grim
With clods of turf and many a human limb,
And eager troops rushed in upon their prey;
Where dying heroes clawed the bloody clay
With a curse on their lips, but in their hearts
a hymn,
Till dusky robots, desperate, made of them
A grisly barricade, to rot away—
Healing Time has made a pleasant place
Where breezes tousle the firs and peace abides;
Where curious travelers come, a curious race,
To gather boring facts from boring guides.
But dust-stopped mouths can't tell them,
unaware,
The secrets of life and death discovered there.*

Going My Way?

By LANNY SLADE

OF ALL the various and sundry joys on this fair earth, few can excite me more than the prospect of hitching a ride. Most of us have done it at one time or another; and although we recognize its definite joys and advantages over other methods of travel, we readily admit its drawbacks.

Let us take, for example, the time I was optimistically awaiting a ride following a baseball game. After several cars had passed me by as if I were a leper, I noted with pleasure that a long, sleek sedan was slowing down. The gentleman in it was a saintly old fellow; he no doubt recognized my plight, and, not wishing to be included in my opinion of the other drivers, informed me by pointing his finger that he was going to turn shortly. As he passed on, I thought to myself, "There goes a man with a heart of gold; he has the right attitude." Out of idle curiosity I watched his car as it moved down the road. Slowly my thoughts turned to horror, and finally—disgust. For did he ever turn? No.

By now I was warmed to my task; in fact, I was well warmed. But, joy of joys! A car stopped for me! Then I paused; had it stopped, or had it merely collapsed? Smoke curled calmly from the

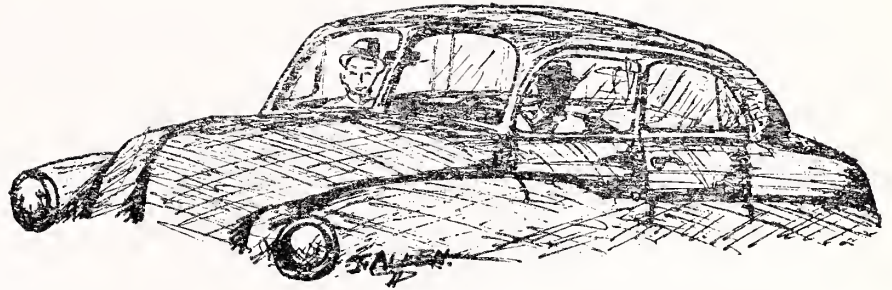
hood while the engine wheezed feebly; it was quite obvious that this automobile had great historic value. I was quickly awakened from these pleasant digressions by a voice inviting me to enter. I was quick to accept, and soon I had comfortably settled myself on one of the benches. We drove off quickly, and within an hour I could no longer see the ball park.

Of course, there are times when my luck is truly amazing; I shall never forget the time I was picked up by the owner of a Rolls-Royce. After installing me comfortably in the lower suite of rooms, off he drove. I was all ready to enjoy this rare trip when I was informed that this was where I must alight, since he turned off here. After doing so, I made some rapid calculations and determined that he had transported me all of one block.

Another species which it would be well to examine at this time is the pleasant motorist who smiles, perhaps even flutters her fingers at the hitchhiker (if she is a woman)—and then drives on. This type, of course, brightens one's happy outlook on the world.

Since a hitchhiker must take the bad with the good, I am constantly ready for another slight difficulty; for you are fortunate indeed if the vehicle you are riding in does not encounter mechanical difficulties. If it does, the driver inevitably regards you as the source, and expects you to clear up the trouble. Many times I have labored far into the night changing tires or doing other mechanical services for my benevolent patrons.

Yet take all these minor troubles, total them up, and then you will find, I'm sure, that they value as nothing compared to that precious time you have saved.



John Sally, White Man

By BILLY GILLIAM

JOHN SALLY was a white man. He worked hard every day in a noisy factory and would come home tired. His wife and kids would be there to greet him, and he would fuss with them and go down the street to play some billiards.

As the dump in which he lived was some twenty miles from the hole in which he worked, John Sally would have a long drive home. Sometimes he could get Susie to ride with him, but not tonight. He had been working late and was all alone.

Every now and then, when he was all alone and had nothing better to do, John Sally, white man, would start thinking. Alone, driving the car this night, he got into the old mood. "Sure, he was a Democrat. Hadn't his great, great grandfather back in 1776 and his great great, greatest grandad back in merrie old England been Democrats? Tradition to uphold, boy!"

Being not only a white man but also a Southerner, John Sally would often get to thinking about the "nigger question." He had, on the whole, very intelligent views

about the whole thing: "To Hell with it!" And who could blame him? Hadn't he grown up near those black apes and heard their jungle talk? "Tisn't any such thing as a smart nigger," he would say and honestly believe it.

So tonight, under fleecy chaperones, John Sally, white man, was driving his little coupe and thinking all sorts of things. Past thoughts were in his mind, the future a blank.

* * *

Ten minutes, and John Sally was no longer driving, no longer thinking. He had not reached home, either. He was with Mother Nature; he, and a flat tire, and a no-good coupe, and a lonely back road, and a lonelier flashlight. What to do!

Five minutes of anxious waiting, hoping, and then, a car appearing! Down the road, past the first bend. Coming closer. Slowly but surely. Yards away. IT'S STOPPING! Lucky John Sally! A nice white man to take him into town. Maybe he could *still* make that last game at Jake's.

"Damn glad the car's stopping," from John Sally, white man.

"What's wrong, mister? Car trouble? Need any help?" from the car, in the night.

"Nah, not help exactly. I'd like a ride, though."

"I'm going to Chester. Hop in."

"Gee, thanks. Jest where *I'm* headed. I live there."

"Here, let me open the back door."

"Gee, this's swell . . ." Climbing in, noticing for the first time the driver of the car. To himself, "Why-y-y, *he's* a nigger! A NIGGER!"

"My name's Tom Brown and here beside me is my wife, Mrs. Brown. Trip's been pretty hard for her. She's asleep."

"Ah . . . eh . . . I'm Mr. Sally. Mr. John Rockingham Sally."

"Glad to know you, Mr. Sally. Had car trouble?"

"Yeah."

"What happened?"

"Had car trouble."

"By the way, Mr. Sally, do you know of any colored boarding house in Chester where we might spend the night?"

"How *should* I?"

"Yessir, I guess it was a foolish question. . . . You see, we have been going now for some time and are pretty tired. . . . I'm going down to Alabama to teach . . . political science, as a matter of fact."

"WHAT?"

"Yessir, it won't be long now. . . ."

"Where are you going to teach?"

"Oh, at a *colored* school, of course. . . ."

"OH!!!"

"By the way, what do *you* do, Mr. Sally?"

"Well, eh . . . ah . . . I don't like to brag, but I'M a big boss down at the Jason plant . . . yes, that's it . . . a *big* boss."

"My, you *must* be smart."

"Well, ah . . . I don't like to brag, but you know how it is . . . I'm rich, besides. . . . Not dressed up tonight, though. . . . Toured the plant. . . . Didn't want to get dirty. . . ."

"Of course."

"Rode my oldest car to the plant today, too . . . wish I hadn't, now. . . ."

"Yessir, that *was* a shame."

"Well, I dunno. It *was* pretty old. Anyway, I've got two others. . . ."

"Geel!"

"Yeah, I'm a *big shot*, you might say . . . course I'm always ready to help the *little* man . . . but here we are—Chester!"

"Yessir, here we are. Can I drive you to your house?"

"Eh . . . ah . . . no . . . NO, NO! . . . Matter of fact, I . . . I . . . I have to go down to the City Hall first . . . eh, some bizzness, you know!"

"Yessir, I understand. To the City Hall then."

* * *

"Well, here we are, I believe, Mr. Sally: the City Hall."

"Well . . . ah . . . of course, I'd like to compen—eh—pay you for this thoughtful actshion . . . how will . . ."

"No, NO! I won't hear of it. All this has been a pleasure, real fun (chuckling ever so softly)."

"Well-l-l, goodnight, Mr. . . . eh . . ."

"Brown. Tom Brown."

"Yes, of course . . ."

"And goodnight to you, Mr. Sally. Glad I could have been of service. . . ."

"Well, of course . . . eh . . ."

And with that John Sally, white man, went on his way. But it was not the City Hall. Nossuh! Straight to Jake's. Just time for that last game.

"Damn nigger," he mused as he hurried along the busy street, "thought he was smart, huh? Trying to put on his damn airs with *me*, huh? Damn NORTHERN nigger, I betcha. Thinks *he's* big! Hah! A teacher. Hah! A damn Northern nigger, that's all."

I'm afraid you're wrong, John Sally, white man. That Negro was Virginia bred. Would that we had more of him and fewer of you.

Garbage

By MARCIA ELLIOTT

THERE are many “most interesting scenes” I can think of, if you take the word “scene” literally. A lakeside view, the clouds in the sky, Louisiana bayous—but an “interesting scene” in another sense is one which you can ponder over, use your imagination on, and create a tableau from what you see.

I asked myself what you could create a tableau from—and came up with the thought of a garbage can. No, I’m not being morbid. You can see the association of tableau—table—and garbage!

A huge lighted house . . . along Got-rocks Drive . . . the porch lights are on . . . through the glass door you can see the butler at his position by the entrance . . . an air of expectancy . . . why? . . . guests? . . . so early? It’s only seven . . . a party? Yes, a dinner party . . . here is the dining room now . . . there is the table . . . gorgeous . . . silver . . . cut glass . . . lace . . . set for ten people . . . what will they eat? . . . the

kitchen . . . the back porch . . . ah! There they are—the garbage cans will tell!

Look—what in the world? A salad! . . . bad celery and lettuce, carrot skins, scallion skins, an empty bottle of French dressing, and . . . green? . . . oh . . . artichokes. . . . Hmnnnnnn — nice, I guess . . . but where do these lemon and orange skins fit in? . . . maybe cocktails? . . . yup! right again . . . there are some empty soda bottles, and one of gin . . . a cracker box? . . . some pimento cheese spread glasses, bread crusts, an empty olive bottle, radish tops? . . . they would be *hors d’oeuvres* . . . to go with that beautiful table, these people ought to have a really sumptuous meal . . . there’s no hint of what meat they might be having—unless this paper—it looks like butcher’s meat paper . . . yes! . . . it says . . . “for Nosein-theair’s . . . 10 lbs. . . . turkey” . . . my they must plan to eat it all up at once . . . potato skins . . . no trace of the other vegetables . . . I wonder what? . . . no hint of what dessert might be either . . . that’s all there is . . . better put it back in the can before I go. . . . It does look rather messy out on the lawn like this . . . nice quality garbage can too. . . . Hmnnnnnn . . . I wonder what those people are like, sitting there suffering in evening dresses and tux and eating all that food?

Lonely Pools

By MARCIA ELLIOTT

*Deep, clear, and still, the pools I know so well,
Calm, grave, profound—what stories can they
tell?*

*I long to learn the secrets that they hold,
The mysteries their sunken bottoms unfold.*

*Deep, clear, and still; here tragedies took place,
Calm, grave, profound; the last to sink, a face.
How many ended all in this lagoon?
Who lie forgotten, beneath the reflected moon?*

*Deep, clear, and still; their eyes stare up at me,
Calm, grave, profound; they point accusingly.
What right have I, a stranger, just to roam,
To pry, invade their solitude, their home?*

The Artist

By PEGGY COGLE

*Not the setting sun the artist chose,
Nor the woodlands and hills abounding
in bloom,
But he journeyed to the poorest section
Where the ugly slums were filled with gloom.*

*The houses were dingy, dusky, and dull.
What sensuous pleasure could be found?
But only he captivates its charm
From the magic of color that lies around.*

*What beauty here should an artist see?
It would not appeal to a passerby;
A scene of gloom and obscurity,
Its beauty lies in the artist's eye.*

The Foundry

By LANNY SLADE

*The distant rumbling sound grows nearer,
No more noises are heard 'mid the roar;
The shriek of the gears seems stronger
and clearer,
And the thump of the pistons vibrates the floor;
The steam escapes with a hissing wheeze,
And a man's faint pleas are drowned with ease.
This is the foundry, dirty and drear,
An abyss of darkness whose sight breathes fear.*

*Enter the pit in the midst of the din;
There is the cauldron, a great red eye
That glows and smokes and boils within;
A demon that throws its light to the sky.
Slowly it tilts, and into the mold
It pours a stream of liquid gold.
Out of the foundry, into the night,
And I step from Hell into Heaven's light.*

The Skull

By JACQUELIN REESE



THE WOMEN had gathered at the burial ground, as was their custom, to dig up and wash the bones of their dead husbands. Marlene created a rather odd appearance among all the Chinese women. She was American by birth but had lived the greater part of her life in China. She moved slowly toward the hump in the land marked simply, "Charles Leigh." Sitting on the ground beside the grave, she began watching the women dig deeper into moist earth. She almost laughed aloud as she sat there.

"Why, this is absurd! Utterly absurd! I can't go through with it! It's too fantastic. But they keep looking at me. Why don't they say something? Maybe if I start digging they'll stop. I've got to do it!"

She picked up her shovel and broke the dirt of the grave.

The sun reached its height and sank again behind the horizon. Only a few women remained at the burial ground, Marlene among them. She sat on the ground, bones scattered around her. Slowly she began putting them back. She picked up the skull. A voice stopped her.

"Don't put it back." It was an empty, hollow voice.

"What?" Marlene looked around, startled. "There's no one here. I thought I heard someone . . ."

"You did, Marlene. I said don't put it back."

"What?" She stared at the skull in her hands. "No! Not the skull!"

"Oh, yes, Marlene. I promised you I'd come back, and I have."

As she looked at the skull it seemed to her that its jaw moved—only slightly, but it moved!

"You haven't come back! You couldn't! You're dead!"

"Yes, I'm dead. I died eight years ago, but I've come back."

Marlene tossed the skull against a tree. It bounced off and rolled a little way; then a mocking laugh filled her ears.

"Oh, Marlene, do you think you can hurt me now? I'm dead, remember?"

"But you're not here! This is all my imagination. You're not here."

"Always were hard to convince, weren't you, dear? O, well, take me home."

"Take you home! Never! You're going back in the grave with the rest of you."

"No, I'm not, Marlene. You're going to take me home."

"I can't! I won't!"

"If you don't take me, I'll get there by myself. Come on, take me home."

"I guess there's no way out."

She picked up the skull.

"Don't tremble so, dear. I'm not going to hurt you."

Marlene, with the skull in her hands, began walking. Every time she passed someone, she tried to hide the skull under her robe.

"Never fear, Marlene, they won't see me. Only you will see me. They won't know I've come back."

"I'll tell them! Then they'll know, and they'll help me get rid of you!"

"Tell them. Go ahead and tell them. They'll think you're crazy."

"They won't. They won't! They'll help me bury you so you'll never come back again!"

"Determined, aren't you? Oh, well, you'll learn. . . . Ah! Home sweet home. . . . Why, Marlene, you walked right by our house. Why?"

"Oh! What? I didn't realize I had . . . I — I mean, I wanted to see what — what's on that piece of paper over there."

"Piece of paper? I see no piece of paper."

"You *can't* see! You're dead!"

"See what I mean, Marlene? You're already acting like a crazy person. There's no paper there. Let's go inside."

They went inside. Marlene put the skull in a chair. Nervously, she went about preparing her supper. After a while she had forgotten about her "companion" and even began humming softly.

"Only one place, dear? I have to eat, too."

"Eat? You eat? Another place? Yes . . . yes, of course."

All was silent for a minute or so. Then the voice spoke again.

"Is it all ready?"

"Yes."

"Um-m. It's good, too. I'd almost forgotten how well you cook."

Marlene watched the food slowly disappear from the plate.

"You aren't eating. Aren't you hungry, Marlene?"

"No. No.!"

"Well, you missed a good supper."

Night fell. Inside a small house a woman sat crouched in the corner—watching with terror a skull in a near-by chair.

"You going to bed, Marlene?"

"No, no, I'm not sleepy."

"Then you won't object to my napping? I'm rather tired."

"No—no, of course not."

Three, four, five hours passed. Inside the small house the woman remained crouched in the corner. She didn't dare take her eyes off the skull—she didn't dare breathe.

"How can I stand it? Having him speak is bad enough, but this silence! Those hollow eyes seem to watch every move!"

"What say? A little nap is really refreshing. Let's go down to the ocean and watch the sun rise."

"Ocean? Ocean?"

"Yes. Aren't you feeling well, dear?"

"Fine. Ocean! We're going to the ocean!"

With the skull clutched tightly in her hands Marlene walked to the cliff overlooking the ocean.

"It's beautiful, isn't it, Marlene?"

"Yes. Now," she thought, "is my chance. It's right here in my hands. All I have to do is—"

"You aren't thinking of throwing me in, are you?"

"W - - - what?"

"Because if you are, my dear, remember I have your hand and I'll pull you in with me. You'll never be rid of me, Marlene. Never!"

"Oh, yes, I will. You'll not haunt me! I'll be free; Free, I tell you, free!"

Two women entered the morgue. A man met them at the door.

"The body is here," he said; "do you know her?"

"Why, yes," replied one of the women.

"That's Marlene Leigh."

"Yes," answered the other, "she was such a good woman and so beautiful."

"Thank you, ladies. By the way, we found this on a cliff by the ocean. Do you know where it came from?" In his out-

stretched hand he held a skull, broken in half.

"Why, yes. Marlene molded that from clay. She said she was going to write a book about it."



The Lark

By HELEN THACKER

*The lark its trilling lyric sends,
Telling the world that dark night ends.
A valiant herald to new-born day,
It leaves its home in the sweet-scented hay
To fling its song so far and wide
The lingering moon her face must hide.*

*Apollo, his mighty steeds just started,
Greets the lilting lark, gay hearted.
The burbling brook, that wends its way
Thru forest glades, reflects the day.
The bedded birds the lark awakes,
And sleep the whole wide world forsakes.*

*A light-hearted, lyrical laughter rings
In every note the small bird sings
To tell all people, far and near,
That dark is done, there's naught to fear.
Sorrow's mantle the sad earth shakes
When the lark announces that daylight breaks.*

Alone

By SALLY LOWRY

*A falling star, the dying moon,
A melody that ends too soon,
A lilac wilting in the rain
Bring exquisite and heartfelt pain.*

*A little brook that runs along
Brings me no gladness in its song,
And something in me seems to cry
When wild geese pass along the sky.*

*These lovely, lovely things to me
Bring sadness that unceasingly
Torture, torment my wounded heart
And make me feel a soul apart.*

“La Traviata” Seed

By BILLY GILLIAM

“**L**A TRAVIATA SEED,” they called her. She was a singer, I think, and a darn colorful one.

She was also an old lady, living by faith and a strict diet.

I knew her when I was eight, and I shall never forget her. Whenever I went to church on Sunday, there she would be, decked in choir garb and singing lustily:

“Onwa-a-a-ah-ard, Christian so-oh-olgers,
Mar-r-r-ching as to war-r-r (screech). . .”

Ah, such spirit, such life.

“By-y-y th’ crossss-ah-Je-e-esus,
Go-o-oing (ulp) on-n-n bay-forre-re-re-
eee-eee . . .”

Ah, the grandeurs of music.

“Foe-war-r-rd (ulp) into ba-a-a-a-ete-tal-
le . . .”

I have been lifted to the heavens!

“Se-e-e-e (eeeeeeke, ulp) His ba-bay-nass
go-o-o . . .”

Really, this is quite an experience. “La Traviata” Seed scores again! The rest of the choir sang, and they were not heard.

Even Dr. Bates, the pastor, with his deep, bass voice and his broad a’s, is no match. . . .

. . . . But yet, people came.

* * *

The little lady is gone today, and we hear music again. “La Traviata” Seed thrills no more.

They had to tell her, at last, and it was such a blow:

“Er, Miss Seed, I—I—er—on behalf of the choir—and—er—organist that is, we regret profoundly, er—you must leave us. . . .”

Poor Miss Seed. She was a Christian, and she loved to sing, and then this.

She turned away and never came to church again, until she died.

I would see her, in those later days, walking up some street, and I, being only eight, would ask, “Miss Seed, why aren’t you in the choir anymore?”

And she would answer, “My child, I was judged to be old, when I wanted—and tried—to be young.”

Fear

By JACQUELIN REESE

*A silent haze around the house had fallen,
A silent haze suggestive of the dead.
I was alone in that dark vale of shadows
And I was afraid.*

*Tho’ but a dream it was so near to me—
That silence that oped my eyes to fear
and dread.*

*A silent haze throughout the house had fallen
And I was afraid.*

*The silence remains tho’ light of dawning day
Has pushed away the darkness from my bed.
A silent haze throughout the house has fallen
And I am afraid.*

The Swan Lake

By NANCY DEIBERT

WATCHING the graceful motions of the prima ballerina as she went through the rehearsal of her number, Cynthia Concorde felt very humble and amateurish. For she was watching Alicia Bourgeois dance the "Swan Lake," the dance which had brought her the fame and renown which she well deserved. Cynthia's great ambition was to dance the "Swan Lake" in one of the ballet's performances, but, although she had memorized the steps perfectly, she longed to achieve the grace and feeling which Alicia put into the dance. However, Cynthia, a member of the Corps de Ballet, was far from being an amateur, for her technique was regarded by many as being better by far than that of her fellow dancers in the Corps.

After all the cast had been through their dances at least once, the rehearsal was ended by Andre Duprez, the director of the ballet. Hastily changing into her street clothes, Cynthia headed for home, intending to use the few remaining hours before she must return to rest for the coming evening.

Cynthia arrived back at the huge opera house at six o'clock, considerably refreshed and ready for the big opening night. Going to the dressing room of the Corps de Ballet, she found it deserted except for a maid sweeping the floor, so she went to a



small practice room offstage to go over the steps of the opening number. Soon other members of the cast began arriving, and Cynthia returned to the dressing room to get into her costume. A knock sounded at the door and a voice was heard calling through the panels, "Has anyone seen Alicia yet?"

"No," came a muffled voice from inside a pink costume, "but she told me she was going out to Long Island for dinner. She said not to worry if she was a little late, because she'd be here in plenty of time to dress for her number."

Cynthia had just slipped her lovely pale green dress over her head and was putting the finishing touches on her make-up when another knock was heard, and it was announced that the curtain would go up in fifteen minutes. The chattering that had filled the large dressing room dropped to a low murmur as everyone worked feverishly to be ready and in line so that the curtain might rise on time.

As the girls stood there waiting for the curtain, tension filled the air and every ear was strained to hear the orchestra begin the introductory bars to the music.

"Opening night," thought Cynthia, "and some of the foremost ballet critics of the day in the audience!"

But all at once her thoughts were interrupted as the house lights dimmed, the footlights flickered on, the music began,

and the heavy velvet curtain slowly began to rise. For a second Cynthia was seized with momentary panic as she waited for her turn to go on, and all too quickly the girls in front of her began to move and finally Cynthia herself was on the stage, her feet automatically moving to the music as she danced the opening number with the other members of the Corps de Ballet. As the music drew to its conclusion the girls whirled off the stage, the curtain fell, and the applause began.

Backstage in the dressing room everything was in confusion, and Andre Duprez was frantically pacing the floor. As Cynthia entered he spied her and rushed over, and Cynthia gathered from his hurried words that Alicia had been injured in an accident and was in the hospital.

"Cynthia," he said, "those people came here tonight to see the 'Swan Lake' danced, and they must *not* be disappointed. You are the only one who knows the dance well enough to take Alicia's place, and you must do it!"

For a member of the Corps de Ballet to dance the leading part in the "Swan Lake," to take the place of the foremost ballerina in America—why, it was unthinkable! Against her protests, Cynthia was hurried into the star's dressing room, where Alicia's lovely white costume was slipped over her head. With only twenty minutes left before time for the "Swan Lake," Cynthia slipped on the white satin toe slippers and tied the ribbons around her ankles with shaking fingers. While combing her shining hair, Cynthia tried to calm her fears, but they only increased as the time for her to go on the stage drew nearer.

With only three minutes left before curtain time, Andre Duprez escorted Cynthia to her place on the enormous stage and

then left her, after murmuring a few words of encouragement.

The auditorium was filled with a hushed silence and as the introduction began, Cynthia was conscious of only the people out front, row upon row, a never-ending sea of faces with all eyes riveted on her. For just an instant she murmured a short prayer, as she stood poised on her toes in the center of the stage. Then the piece started, Cynthia's feet began to move, and as she danced, the lovely music of Tschai-kowsky's "Swan Lake Ballet" engulfed her. As the music gradually mounted into a crescendo, her fears lessened, and she gave herself up completely to the music and the exquisite movements of the dance. The romantic figure of the dancer in her white costume and toe slippers held the audience spellbound, as Cynthia put everything she had into creating a poem of perfect grace and beauty. Performing the intricate turns with such ease, she was no longer thought of by the audience as Cynthia Concorde, a substitute for the main dancer, but as a truly great ballerina, reliving the story of the swan. The music began to diminish, then faded away. For a split second there was a deep, awe-inspired silence, then the applause broke out, mounted, until it seemed the very walls could not contain it all.

As soon as the curtain touched the stage, Andre Duprez rushed on stage to Cynthia's side, begging her to take her curtain calls, but she declined, her eyes swimming with tears.

People began pouring backstage; everywhere congratulations were being shouted at her, but Cynthia heard only one voice, that of her beloved teacher, saying, "Truly, the 'Swan Lake' has never been danced more beautifully than you have danced it tonight."

Oh, Yes, Mrs. Farce

By JACQUELIN REESE

" . . . and did you see her last Saturday night? You didn't, I know, or you would have said something about it. I never saw anything like it. I never thought that I would see when she would be seen in a fashionable place like that in an outfit like that. Well, now, *my dress* . . . "

Oh, yes, Mrs. Farce. *Your dress*. Didn't anyone ever tell you that people who carry 230 pounds around with them shouldn't wear flowers? And as far as low necks are concerned—I'm sure you looked lovely, Mrs. Farce, because you don't have any neck. But I don't suppose anyone ever told you that, either. I don't suppose you gave them time.

" . . . and did you hear about Mrs. Jones' boy? Well, after four years of college he has come home and is now sitting around doing nothing. He won't go out and find himself a job to take a little of the burden off his poor mother. Why, if my son ever . . . "

We've heard all this too, Mrs. Farce. *Your boy*. Was there ever a more perfect angel? I agree that he got a job, but how

long did he keep it? As I remember it, he was fired after he was arrested for driving drunk. And I remember, too, that your angelic husband had to sell the frame that held the portrait of your angelic father to bail that angelic son out of jail. But maybe no one ever told you that either. Maybe your boy told you he quit his job.

" . . . to beat everything, Mrs. Brown was putting on so many airs, but when her husband came to get her, he was driving the same car he had ten years ago. Now, my husband works under the same roof with Mr. Brown, and he bought a new car just last month. Dou you see . . . ?"

Oh, yes. Your husband works under the same roof with Mr. Brown. And it's just a minor detail that Mr. Brown is vice-president of the bank and your husband is a teller. When did you say you got your car? Last month? Oh, I remember. You mortgaged your house last month, too.

" . . . and when I went in her kitchen, I was never so shocked. Do you know she still uses the old-fashioned stove and ice-box? Of all people I thought she'd be the first to get modern equipment. Why, I have been cooking with gas for . . . "

How much dirt did you find in her kitchen, Mrs. Farce? I remember the last time I was in your kitchen. I couldn't find the stove for the grease. And what meat loaf you offered me. . . . I didn't refuse it because I had just eaten, but roaches—even baby ones—don't agree with my stomach.

"And I told her that if I were in her place I wouldn't let them get away with it because . . . well . . . "

Oh, yes, Mrs. Farce, we've heard all this, too, and the next time you come to a "well," won't you jump in, please?

Keeper of The Sky

By NAN EVANS

*Soaring o'er the earth,
The eagle, with a wing,
Sweeps majestic clouds,
The cobwebs born of spring,
Symbol from a land
Where airy freedoms ring.*

*Swooping from his nest,
He dusts the stars of night,
Anxious lest they fade
And lose their sparkle bright.
Symbol from a land
Where whim's expressed in flight.*

*Swish, swoop, soar,
The eagle rises high,
Screaming a cry of joy,
The keeper of the sky,
Symbol from a land
Where life can never die.*

Then and Now

By GORDON WINFIELD, JR.

*The worlds of today and yesterday
Differ in many ways;
The modern equipment today in life
Was not in olden days.
The drone of the plane and the rushing train
Were thrills not known in the days gone by.
When all men were pioneers of the plain,
There was never a building that scraped
the sky.*

*But these rude men had it better then,
"The best things in life are free."
The peaceful plain in sunshine or rain
Or the bountiful watery sea
Is so much better than smoke and smog
Of industrial cities' toil and strife,
But this is written in life's big log
As part of the price for the comforts of life.*

If You Could Dig Up The Devil

By ANABEL REESE

I.

DUNCAN wasn't the superstitious kind. In fact, he would have stoutly denied any statement that he believed in the supernatural at all; that is, until recently; until just a few months ago.

The McPhersons had lived in the boarding house only a short time when Duncan had found the little "devil."

Duncan was an avid gardener, and spent most of his free time digging in the little plot of garden behind the house.

It wasn't a large garden, but he had put his heart into the little square patch of dirt by the wall.

One afternoon toward sunset, he was turning up new earth when he uncovered a stone about the size of a walnut.

"Grotesque little devil," thought Duncan. He turned it over in his hand and as he did so, the rough surface left a long scar in his palm.

The rock was sharp with jagged edges streaked with red and black and a form like a horribly bent person. The arms were almost perfect and they were surely arms—and the face was twisted to one side with a



red streak running down the middle of its face.

Duncan did not realize that he was impressed with the rock, but he did put it aside and glanced at it once or twice while he finished the border.

The sun went down and he picked up his trowel and went into the house. About half way to the house, he noticed that he had unconsciously picked up the rock—the horrible little figure.

"Well, it was right beside my other tools." Duncan was a little angry and rather startled. "Natural thing to do."

In a sort of disgust both for the rock and himself, he threw it into the path. At the sound of it clanking on the bricks, he looked back at the hideous shape lying in the walk, and then turned quickly and went into the house.

II.

His wife was singing to herself in the kitchen as he put his tools down in the entrance right off the back porch, and he felt relief, from what, he couldn't say.

Mamie, he mused, always sang one particular song when she was pleased with life and undoubtedly she'd been shopping and bought some silly hat or something.

"What did you buy today, Mamie? Sounds like you've been shopping,"

"Oh, hello, Duncan. Yes, I did; and what do you think I bought? You'll never guess, so I'll show you."

Mamie rushed into the living room and picked up a paper bag from the sofa.

"She's always so enthusiastic," Duncan thought, "even over little things."

"Look!" she said as she drew a cream-colored lampshade out of the bag. "Doesn't it have a funny shape? Six sides. I've never seen one like it; have you, Duncan?"

"Don't you like it? Don't just stand there, Duncan; say something about it. I thought it was very unusual. Don't you think it will look nice in your den?"

"Oh . . . yes . . . yes, Mamie, lovely lampshade, lovely. . . . Sort of funny, though, don't you think, the figure, I mean? Red and black, and with that horrible streak down its face?"

"Yes, but its so unusual. Well, will you put it in the bedroom? I think it will look better on the desk in there."

Duncan went into the bedroom and replaced the old shade with the one Mamie had just bought. He took the old one and went back into the living room, closing the bedroom door behind him.

III.

Duncan stirred restlessly in his sleep, and once was awakened by the rain long enough to see a flash of lightning which

made the figure on the lampshade look as if it jumped and moved its twisted head and jagged arms.

By morning the rain had stopped and the sun was master of the day. On his way to work, Duncan determined to finish his planting. He felt well pleased as he entered his office and sat down at his work.

About lunch time, the elevator boy knocked at his door and said he had a message for him.

"Come in and close the door!" Duncan was working on a form and didn't look up.

"I'm sorry, sir, but I have some bad news. Your wife died a little while ago. Seems she fell while she was in the garden. Slipped on a rock or something."

Duncan sat stunned and the elevator boy shifted self-consciously on his feet, then turned and fled through the open door down the hall.

IV.

Had anyone been watching, he would have thought it an odd sight to see a man come out of the back door to his house carrying a lamp shade and searching along the ground for something he knew was there. Ah—he found it. Why it's only a rock—some sort of common rock! And now he's getting a shovel; he's going to bury them. See what a deep hole he's making? I wonder why he does that?


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